



# messing about in **BOATS**

**Special Features This Issue**  
“Collections, Stewards, and Catboats”  
“Tidal Rivers” – “Build Sailor Girl on Your Own”

Volume 24 – Number 21

March 15, 2007



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



In my "Commentary" in the February 1 issue I discussed how I had been informed of our being listed on Amazon.com with a subscription price of \$42 with a fulfillment firm known as Magazine Express handling orders. In my innocence of how things work in today's electronic instant world I expressed bafflement at how this had happened without my knowledge and that it had not resulted in any subscription orders.

Well, the mystery has been solved. A friend looked up Magazine Express on the internet and lo, it seems it is a subsidiary firm of a nationwide magazine subscription service known as Ebsco. We have been getting scattered unsolicited orders for years from Ebsco (I never requested their services), almost all for libraries. Apparently this is how libraries keep up with their multitude of periodicals. The \$42 includes Ebsco's cut for acting as an agent for me. At the time that represented a \$14 surcharge over the then subscription price of \$28. Ebsco adds a 50% commission onto the subscription cost for its service!

A casual look back through several months in our daybook revealed several Ebsco orders for individuals, so I presume these came from that Amazon.com listing. I am guessing that there are people out there too busy to order directly from us, as are libraries, and resort to an intermediary firm to take care of their magazine subscriptions at a premium rate.

As a result of my February 1 "Commentary" I received a telephone call from a woman in Minnesota who publishes a small special interest nature magazine. Someone had shown her my remarks and they rang a bell with her, for she too had experienced this situation when an irate subscriber called her to complain about having paid a price far higher than her asking price for a subscription through an intermediary she had never heard of. Compounding her circumstance was the fact that she had reformatted her publication into a sort of small bound booklet, no longer a magazine

format, so the listing in Amazon.com was no longer accurate.

I suppose this is the sort of insider business matter that should not concern readers but since so many of you express strong support for, and interest in, what we are doing I thought it might be of interest for you to have a peek into the inner workings of even a tiny periodical like ours. How well this tiny business functions (or doesn't) determines its survivability.

The pragmatic view on all this is perhaps, hey, we are getting a few extra subscriptions so why complain? Well, I still sorta like to think that the production and circulation of *MAIB* is under my direct control so I can have total responsibility for it all for better or for worse. I always viewed Ebsco as acting as an agent for specific clients, libraries in particular. To discover that unbeknownst to me they were out there on the internet hustling up business for me with a fat surcharge for themselves was unsettling.

We do have an internet subscription agent, Duckworks, who regularly brings in a modest number of subscriptions from people who wish to pay for them by credit card, something we do not offer to accept (credit card companies take their cut, of course). We authorized Duckworks (another tiny mom-and-pop outfit like us) to do this. Because we need all the \$32 from each subscription to stay afloat over the long term, we authorized Duckworks to charge \$4 extra for the credit card service, substantially less than the \$14 Ebsco collects without our authorization.

Well, none of this materially affects your continuing to receive your issues. The increase in subscription price to \$32 has not resulted in a detectable drop in renewals nor any detectable change in new subscription orders so we again appear to be back on firmer financial footing as we are about to start our 25th year in May. I do thank you all again for your continuing support making our collective great adventure in messing about in boats possible.

## On the Cover...

Sharon Brown, who is the Boathouse Manager at Mystic Seaport Museum, has contributed a lengthy discussion in this issue about museum collections and stewardship of traditional small craft, and one of her photos illustrating her essay is this cover shot of a new Beetle Cat under construction at Beetle, Inc. in Wareham, Massachusetts.



## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

I dropped my canoe into the Connecticut River at Hadley, Massachusetts, nearly 90 miles north of Long Island Sound. I carried a minimum of gear and a maximum of fresh, home roasted granola (my personal recipe), and a spare paddle. There's quite a large dam at Holyoke, a few miles downstream, and a low, abandoned dam at Enfield, Connecticut. Aside from that, just slow dreamy river and the joy of escaping modernity for a few days.

Not having anything as prissy as a canoeing guide in my possession, I kept to the west bank coming into Holyoke. The undeveloped east bank had the portage trail but little things such as that never bothered me.

I hauled out at a tiny park in the city and carried my canoe down a long flight of stairs, along a street, and stashed it in some bushes by the river. Then I retrieved the rest of my gear. So what if some people gawked? Wouldn't be the last time. As a professional water rat one gets used to folk staring and grinning and shaking their foolish heads in disbelief. My advice? Tuck your tail into your trousers and no one will ever know your derivations.

The first night I spent on an island. I don't know who belongs to these islands up and down the river. Most of my life I owned a few acres on one of them myself. I try to stay inconspicuous wherever I make camp, build the least fire possible, and clean up after myself.

I didn't carry a tent. When it rained I inverted my canoe, wrapped a ground cloth around it, and pegged the corners. Or strung a line between two trees and improvised a shelter. You know the drill. As long as you carry something to ward off mosquitoes. I've found that an AK-47 works well, except down east in Maine where they breed them especially large to discourage tourists.

The second day I approached the Enfield dam. I considered running the sluiceway, with a kayak I might have attempted it. My little canoe would have plunged underwater and taken me down with her. Adventure is one thing, suicide another. I portaged down the steep bank.

Connecticut remained rural along that stretch of river. A mile away shopping malls pandered to highway traffic. My third morning, I shoved off early and found myself gliding between wooded shores, 10 or 15 miles north of Hartford. Quiet, pristine, birds in the trees, fish in the river, "God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world." (How often does one get a chance to quote Robert Browning?) By 10am the back of my throat made sure it was July.

Along the west bank lay a narrow hard mud beach, a good place to disembark and stretch my legs. And what did I see? A six-pack of beer with four full bottles in it. Who would have left four bottles of beer behind? How could they know I'd come by to see that they didn't go to waste? They were warm, extremely warm, but extremely wet. Halfway through the third bottle I entertained doubts. Warm beer on an empty stomach wouldn't appeal to me now. Thirty years ago, almost anything went. I'm glad it's gone.

The next ten miles I floated down the river. So did my little canoe. I presume we made contact at least a part of the way. I arrived in Hartford just in time to collapse. Across the river from the high-rise financial district a park appeared. I hauled my canoe beneath the welcoming shade of a silver maple. I had paddled 15 miles, the high sun dazzled, the plate glass towers danced with one another.

After I stuffed myself with bread and cheese I looked at beer number four and decided on water. Then I stretched out to rest. I never heard the eight-lane traffic 300 yards away. But after a while something, or maybe someone, kept nudging my foot. My eyes, with a bit of effort, came unglued. A policeman, size double extra large, towered above me.

"And would ye be feelin' aw right, me lad?" he inquired solicitously.

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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Experiences..

### Skiff America On the Western Lakes

A year or so ago you published the reprint of an article that I had done on the building of a Skiff America for Ken Murphy's *Shallow Water Sailor*. I first heard about such a boat on the pages of *MAIB*. At the time I wrote the article for *SWS* I was recovering from open heart surgery and boat building was definitely on hold. But I did recuperate and finished the boat, but too late to launch the fall of 2005.

With buying another home, moving, and waiting for the western lakes to warm up, I didn't get to launch until May of 2006. With everything else I needed to do through the summer of '06 I only put 30 hours on the boat (wonderful hours they were).

This year is to be different, late April two friends and I are taking it to Lake Powell for a week or so. Many lakes and some rivers within a 500-plus-mile radius will be visited. Many shorelines to be explored, many little coves to anchor in, many quiet starlit nights to be enjoyed while pulled up on the shore or bobbing at anchor.

There are a number of beautiful areas in the west for boats of your readership (ask Jim Thayer). I would like to entice others to appreciate what's out here, this summer should be particularly good as we have a lot of snow to melt and fill those lakes and rivers. I want to tell of the clear nights, of the colors, of the rock formations, of the bug free anchorages, of the high altitude clear air.

The photo is to show you the motivation that your (our) magazine creates, and the outcome.

Paul Breeding, Broomfield, CO



## Information Wanted..

### Wanted: Pioneering Women In Boats

Author and instructor Laurie Gullion of the University of New Hampshire's Outdoor Education program is collecting accounts of pioneering women who paddled in the 1800s and early 1900s.

"I've found very few stories of women in vintage magazines like *Outing* because

men were more likely to write publicly about their adventures," said Gullion. "But many women canoed and wrote about their experiences in diaries and letters to family and friends. When women's magazines like *Cosmopolitan* began promoting canoeing as healthy for women in post-Victorian times, their involvement really grew."

The most well-known traveler is Mina Hubbard, who wrote *A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador* about her 1905 expedition to vindicate her husband's failure to make the same trip two years earlier. However, other women accompanied husbands on remote treks by canoe in the U.S. and Canada, helped create urban canoe clubs in the late 1800s, taught canoeing at women's colleges, and began to travel on canoe trips with other women in the early 1900s.

Gullion is interested in copies of letters and diary entries that may exist in family, community, and college collections as well as photographs. She is also interested in advertising from canoe manufacturers, railroad companies, and tourism agencies. Her goal is to publish an anthology of early women canoeists.

Laurie Gullion can be contacted at [lgullion@unh.edu](mailto:lgullion@unh.edu) or (603) 862-1617

### U.S. Navy Steam Cutter Restoration

I am looking for a photo of the interior of an operating U.S. Navy steam cutter of the 1890-1918 period and have not yet been able to find one. I am also looking for photos of these boats in action. I am involved in the restoration of a 33' cutter. Miraculously, we have the correct engine, a "G2" compound, and we hope to find an original Wards boiler, but so far we lack critical data about piping and pump arrangements.

I'm hopeful that someone reading this might be able to help me out on these. Thanks.

Pat Spurlock, Elliott Bay Steam Launch Co., 6744 SE 36th Ave., Portland, OR 97202, (503) 775-5954.

## Opinions..

### More Yet on Ethanol

While I agree with most of Dave Carnell's letter concerning ethanol fuel, I disagree that the way to significantly reduce the U.S. dependence on oil is by drilling everywhere, which would keep the price low and demand high. The technology exists today to do more with less, all we need is the political will to do it. Dave seems to think the efforts of billions of people burning up the world's second most plentiful liquid, which is basically stored solar energy created over millions of years, in the space of a couple hundred years is puny. With CO<sub>2</sub> concentration being the highest it's ever been and rising, as measured over half a million years by cored ice samples, it doesn't take a rocket scientist or even a dittohead to realize we are motorizing into uncharted waters. Oil is too valuable to be burned up in SUVs, after all we can make boats out of the stuff.

Dock Shuter, Glasco, NY

### Shell Kit Boats The All Around Best

It was good to see Shell Boats as your first installment in the "Plans and Kits" series. There are lots of kits out there of many designs and types. For sailboats, Shell Boats seem to me to be the all around best for simplicity of building, attractive design, performance, and cost. I may be a little prejudiced as I own one, but as a real amateur I had it assembled in a weekend (eight hours). And it was completed the following weekend, except for the paint.

I've built several kits and have looked at other folks' kit built boats, all have their advantages and disadvantages depending on what one is looking for in a boat. I think Shell Boat kits may arguably be the best kit for first time builders. Success in building is built right in, you really can't get it wrong and they look very good.

My only concern is the sail design. It works very well on these boats and is very simple and efficient. I just prefer a more traditional looking sail such as a gaff or sprit (trapezoid). I'm sure Fred Shell can accommodate any changes you may like to make if you order a kit.

The Shell Marty may be the best looking kit boat for its size and cost you could find anywhere. By the way, for sailboats they row pretty well, too.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

### Nothing's Wrong

In response to Bob Errico's article, "What's Wrong with Me?" in the February 1 issue, I say nothing is wrong, Bob, you do a great job of writing, please keep it up.

Anything to do with wind and water is fascinating. Well, most things. Rowing a boat into the wind and waves can be work, by sailing the boat we use the wind to take us into those waves, giving us some control over them. It appears to be magic.

Ken Currie, Fort Wayne, IN

## Projects..

### Future Boat Builders

Here is a photo of my latest rowboat. It's my own design, about 48lbs and 11' long. I had more fun last summer rowing in Marquette Bay, which is on Lake Superior here in Upper Michigan. They call us "Yoopers" up here, I guess I've been one now for 57 years! I found rowing to be very relaxing, especially in the early morning.

I'm a high school art and geography teacher at a small school here in the U.P. so I can enjoy my summers off. I have a geography class I teach every year to build the same "YooperYak" in class as a project. Even if they forget about geography in the future, they'll probably remember the boat building part. I'm creating future boat builders every school year.

Bill Lawrence, Marquette, MI



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Dan Rogers' article about "What is a Sailboat Good For?" brought up something I have pondered for several years. It also helped crystallize some answers after all these years of enjoying the pondering (and the sailing).

My father grew up sailing and when the eldest of his sons (me) neared puberty (now about 40 years ago), his wife looked at him and said, "Dick, we're going to have to do something to occupy these children." She, of course, was thinking that we couldn't get into a 70mph wreck if we were only going 6kts in a boat. How right she was. Dad was only too happy to go back to his sailing roots. In an inspired move he bought a 20' daysailer (a Highlander) which cheerfully occupied us for many years. We raced it almost weekly, and just daysailed it constantly in between races.

As any sailing parent knows the kids learn lessons on the water that stay with them all their lives. Sportsmanship certainly, but also perseverance and respect for Nature and her power. Responsibility, because you're on your own out there and you have to have the skills and means to fix most problem situations that you get yourself into.

We grew up in Charlotte and summer in North Carolina in the '60s was characterized by light winds... often no wind. All sailing teaches us patience and a near-Buddhist acceptance of events in a way that pushing a throttle never can. And when the wind dies during a race the only thing one can do is struggle to make the best of it. One is still racing, after all, and one still wants to catch the boat out front. This is a powerful lesson, making the most of adversity with the tools that one has (or, in the case of the racing rules, those tools which are allowed).

My parents' generation, brought up in the Depression, was the last generation to know real want and subsequent generations have never felt themselves as blessed as my parents have. Sailors, on the other hand, have small doses of that lesson delivered every time they race. Often there is wind, but often there is not, or one is struggling to make a comeback from a lousy start, or an unexpected wind shift puts two boats out in front. Those lessons are uncommon in today's wealthy "give it to me NOW" culture.

These lessons make those students more accommodating of others and less self-centered, less certain that they deserve X or Y. One could argue that this is the basis of good citizenship (and to be the more prized because so few other institutions teach us to be good citizens). Sailboat racers know that life is not always fair and that hard work and personal application is the recourse that is readily available to them to make it better.

Many day sailors share a similar fate, not everyone has an auxiliary at their disposal so the challenges of getting what one wants out of a situation one seems to be fighting teaches lessons which go far beyond simply being on the water. Those more-or-less constant challenges also make it that much easier to enjoy and be thankful for the times when Nature smiles on the sailor, because we know that it won't last, so we should enjoy it while we've got it.

My family would camp over Saturday night at the yacht club. On Sunday mornings I would wake early and slip quietly out and go sailing. Early mornings were my favorite time, there were few motors on the water (the fishermen being quiet around the edges of the lake) and precious few others at all. I later

## What a Sailboat IS Good For

came to realize that those mornings were my way of going to church. I had the largest and most magnificent cathedral of all under the open sky and the birds were the chapel choir. In the generally light winds I could practice putting up the spinnaker solo and then flying it by myself (and it was liberating to be able to make mistakes and have no one see!). I learned a reverence for focus and silence that few other teenage boys ever appreciated. I believe this was a form of kinetic meditation and has much in common with other forms of meditative worship.

Now that my father's eldest son is in his 50s he sails alone most of the time and thus can enjoy speeding along in a Hobie catamaran. Few things are as wonderful as a brisk breeze and a solo catamaran screaming across the water. Sadly, eastern Long Island Sound in the summer has much in common with Piedmont, North Carolina, for wind speed. So when we ARE graced by a good brisk breeze, it's that much more appreciated.

So, one might well ask, "What IS a sailboat good for?" The short and simple answer is, "Absolutely everything that matters."



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My first outboard motor, around age 12, was a Gale "Buccaneer" 15-horse from the late '60s, mounted on a hogged (too many wakes, hit too fast) 14' aluminum Starcraft, a hand-me-down from my older brothers. The author of *Cheap Outboards* says, "You never forget your first one," and he's right, that old motor ran strong summer after summer, surviving salt water immersion a number of times and never getting any maintenance I can remember. I've had lots of bigger/better/faster rigs since then but my heart aches to have that Gale back sometimes. Something about the simplicity of tiller steering... gas tank... clamp it on (bail out the rain)... and GO! When I see one occasionally on eBay it's all I can do not to bid!

Before I start... referring to Max Wawrzyniak as "the author" is cumbersome and stiff sounding and "Mr. Wawrzyniak" is way too much for this hunt-and-peck typist, so I'm just gonna call him Max. His straightforward writing style leads me to think he wouldn't mind.

Max's love of old outboards is plain to see throughout the book but this is not a collector's guidebook at all. No concern for flawless paint or original decals here... this book is intended to get people out on the water without spending huge amounts on pricey, late model equipment. As he points out, outboards as a rule get used lightly (though roughly sometimes) and, except for those that have seen commercial use, seldom accumulate enough engine hours to actually wear out. With this book and a few hand tools that yard sale bargain can be made into reliable, tough motive power.

I don't think I've ever written a review of anything before and generally I'm not a fan of reviews of books, movies, or whatever. Seems I often disagree with the reviewer, maybe I'm just paying attention to the wrong reviewers! In any case, I'll tell you what I thought and you can make up your own mind.

This book is a gem. Max says right off that he's not a professional mechanic, just an ordinary messer like me, and he got his knowledge by messing about in boats a LOT. Like I half-seriously tell my son, "Hell, I wasn't born this smart... I had to screw up a lot of times until I began to get it right sometimes... so get out there and make some mistakes of your own."

Max knows his stuff. He starts out explaining that you want to get a motor that is easy to work on and for which parts are plentiful and cheap, which means there a lot of specimens to avoid. Remember, we're not collecting display pieces, we want to run the heck out of 'em.



## Book Review

### *Cheap Outboards: The Beginner's Guide to Making an Old Motor Run Forever*

By Max E. Wawrzyniak III

Reviewed by Preston Larus

The preferred brand is OMC (Johnson/Evinrude or "JohnnyRude") models produced from the mid-'50s to the early '70s, up to about 40hp. They sold an awful lot of them and many are still around. If you're a fan of Mercury outboards of that era, you might need a different book as he cautions that their design makes them hard to work on and parts are both scarce and expensive. The same goes for the Martins, Scotts, and other brands, certainly collectible and special in their own way but not as easy or cheap for the ordinary person to get running and use as "daily drivers." Certain oddball OMC models are cautioned against as well.

OMC also manufactured the "Gale" brand of the late '50s and early '60s, which was a lower priced line of outboards, and Gale in turn wholesaled these motors to department stores and the like who would put their own brand on them. Sea King (Montgomery Ward), Sea Bee (Goodyear Tire), and Saber (Fedway) are a few examples. Many of these are identical to the OMC iron and share most of the same replacement parts. Being perceived as obscure, these engines can sometimes be had for less money but can be every bit as good as their OMC brethren.

Max then goes into pre-purchase inspection, what kinds of problems are cheap to fix, what kind of problems should be negotiated over, and what kinds of problems are deal breakers at any price. Next he covers what to do to turn your new/old yard sale artifact into reliable power, with the emphasis on reliability.

With reliability in mind, you'll do a full ignition tune-up, replacing points, condensers, plug wires, and plugs. Since the condition of ignition coils is hard to ascertain and liable to let you down far from home, and since replacements are relatively inexpensive, he recommends replacing them routinely.

Overhaul the carburetor (not as hard as it sounds), change the water pump impeller and the lower unit oil, and you should be ready to go. If the recoil starter shows signs of wear or abuse, better get into that, too.

The how-to of all this is clearly explained and requires little in the way of

special tools besides a cheap flywheel puller. Tips specific to OMCs are plentiful.

By the time you've done all this you might have around \$100 in the motor above your purchase price but you will be rewarded with a very sturdy engine that will get you around for a long time to come. And if you just like old stuff, like me, that will be its own separate reward.

In addition, a chapter is devoted to retrofitting safety switches and lanyards to shut the beast down if you are thrown out of the boat. Great idea! If you fall overboard wearing one of these, the odds of survival seem pretty good as long as you don't break anything serious on your way over the gunwale. Heck, you might even dry off, continue your trip, and, humbled, write an article about it for *MAIB*. Without one, it's quite likely you'll be facing some combination of gruesome injury, death by any number of causes, and obscene lawsuits. At that point, an article in *MAIB* (assuming you can still type and assemble coherent thoughts) may not seem like so much fun.

A few more chapters cover fuel tanks, propellers, lower units, remote controls, remote steering, converting back and forth between tiller-steer and remote control configurations, spare parts and tools to carry, and troubleshooting.

Don't let the word "Beginners" in the title stop you if you already know a thing or two about old outboards. This book is rich in technical detail with lots of color photographs of engine innards so you're not left guessing whether what you're seeing is what you're supposed to be seeing. Many of the illustrations are from actual OMC service bulletins, shedding light on some of the more crucial aspects of repair and adjustment.

One topic I thought might have used more attention is the frozen fastener obstacle. Max does tell us to invest in an impact driver as an essential hand tool. When steel bolts meet aluminum castings there is the inevitable powdery corrosion, bolts that threaten to wring off, and screws with boogered-up heads, especially on engines with some age on them. The impact driver will take care of most of them. Lots of us have run into the stubborn exceptions before, and the additional techniques of penetrating oil, heat, hammer, and "tighten slightly before loosening" are things we may take for granted.

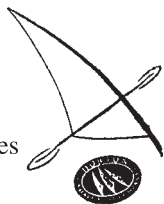
So many "simple" repairs I've attempted got really hairy after a fastener wouldn't come out and here's an area where I have learned, and continue to learn, by painful, calamitous experience. I do think that a beginner could probably use a few more words on this topic and it might conclude with something like: Patience... DON'T break it off... try more oil, tap it some more, come back to it tomorrow... but DO get that bolt out in one piece!

Altogether this is a thorough guide to getting boating under power with a modest investment of time and money. In short, perfect for the readership of *MAIB*. It truly is written so that anybody with a minimum amount of sense and a good measure of desire can get it done.

Even the old hands who know lots about old outboards will find something in this book to enlighten and delight, you can practically smell the characteristic two-cycle exhaust smoke. It can hardly be blamed on Max if it throws some of us of a certain age into a frenzy of nostalgic outboard purchases.

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# Tidal Rivers

By David Kline

Paddling, for me, is like eating ice cream. I have favorites but that doesn't mean other flavors aren't worth trying. I have yet to paddle in a place I didn't like. Some places are low on the list for a return visit, but they're on the list. My favorite paddles are tidal rivers. Connecticut has lots of them.

An estuary is always fun and can be challenging. Just sitting in the boat watching the terns hover and dive at the change of tide is interesting. A given stretch of estuary is never the same from one visit to the next. The tide is coming in or going out, there has been a lot of rain or not, the winter has left a lot of debris or swept the place clean. Sandbars and mudflats have been cut through, reshaped, or relocated by water from a storm or over the winter. Birds and other creatures are always busy, usually looking for lunch if they are not actually eating or feeding it to their young.

Tidal change goes on all the time. One has to bear this in mind paddling over rocks on the way up a river. They may be sticking out or, worse yet, just below the surface when paddling back down. The reverse is also true. That fallen tree paddled under so easily going up the river could be an obstacle requiring dragging the boat around if the tide comes up a bit. Poison ivy growing on the riverbank can make that a memorable experience in a way not anticipated. The strangest thing is how remote it can seem up some of these rivers. So close to I-95 its traffic can be heard and yet it can seem as if I and the people I am with are the only people left on earth. In this crowded, sometimes hectic, part of the world that's a rare feeling.

## Westbrook

There's something very satisfying about making one's own boat. It's fun just to be out on the water and reasonably dry and safe in something made with my own hands. Building a stitch and glue kayak from a kit is not hard. It does take some time and effort and, just as important, a place to work in over a period of about three months.

Yes, I know, the Pygmy Boat people state that it takes about 78 hours to build one of their boats. That could be true. I didn't keep track of the actual hours spent on any of the four boats we built in my basement. But sometimes the project requires waiting for epoxy to cure before going on to the next step. There are times when work for an hour is followed by waiting for eight hours. The waiting time adds up. In other words, the boat may be built in 78 working hours, but not over a two-week vacation, even working two 40-hour weeks.

Almost every time I take one of my Pygmy boats out someone makes a comment about how nice it looks. They perform well on the water, far better than many factory-made boats I have tried. I have 17' and 14' Arctic Terns, finished bright and spar varnished to minimize sun damage. Paint would be more practical, but then so would a fiberglass, factory-made boat in many ways. But it wouldn't be lighter and it wouldn't be prettier, both of which are important to me.

Back to paddling. My friend Joyce (who also built a Pygmy Arctic Tern in my basement) had been talking for some time about a river called the Menunketesuck down in Westbrook, Connecticut. I'd never heard of it but she said someone she worked with said it was a terrific place to paddle so we decided to give it a try. We talked my brother Peter into joining us. It didn't take much talking.

Although the boat launch is clearly marked on the official state map it didn't look like any state launch site I'd ever seen. The words that come to mind are unimpressive, also minimal. There is room to park about three cars on a grassy patch alongside route 145. Sanitary facilities, should they be needed after driving an hour and before getting in the boat, consist of a clump of trees. The launch site is a gentle slope down to the water. I suppose a trailer could be backed down there. Such a launch would have to be wanted pretty badly and the boat would have to be something without much of a draft.

We put our kayaks in and began one of the most delightful paddles I've ever taken. The river meanders down to Westbrook Harbor through the Stewart McKinney Wildlife Reservation. There are lots of birds to see and the place seems quite remote, although a train called the Clamdigger pokes through and Amtrak's ACELA flies through from time to time. We go under the railroad bridge first and then under the bridge for Route 1 just as you enter Westbrook Harbor.

If we wanted to we could paddle straight through Westbrook Harbor out onto Long Island Sound. But what Peter, Joyce, and I did that day was paddle around the harbor and look at the boats. There were lots of big sailboats and big powerboats. I was poking along, ogling these magnificent yachts when I heard a voice from above. "Nice boat!" I looked up. An elegantly dressed gentleman was looking over the rail of an equally elegant 70' wooden cabin cruiser. I said, "I like yours, too." And I did. Not that I envied him at that moment. I was out on the water in my boat. His was tied to the dock.

By the time we started back up the river the tide had turned and the Menunketesuck was running out under the Route 1 bridge pretty fast. I realized how fast when Peter, who is younger and stronger than I am, had to take a couple of tries to make it up. I got to work and made it up after some struggle. Joyce who came last learned from our efforts and once she realized it was going to be work she, too, managed to fight her way upstream to quieter water. It was simply a matter of determination for all of us.

When we got back to the launch area we were reminded just how shallow it was. The boats need only about 3-4" of water but we finally didn't have even that much and we wound up getting out and pulling them over the mud. If one paddles tidal areas one gets used to that.

## Great Island

As a rule I'd say towing another boat with a kayak is not a good idea. They are too light and don't have enough power. But it can be done. The right equipment, or should I say partner, is needed.

My oldest kayak is a fiberglass Wilderness Systems double boat. It can be paddled as a single. I prefer a single boat most of the time but the double has its virtues. It's good for taking someone out who either doesn't want to paddle at all or who might not want to paddle all the way. That generally means all the way back once he or she has gotten tired. Judith often comes out with me. Our deal is she doesn't have to pad-

dle at all if she doesn't want to. That's fine with me. She doesn't add much weight to the boat and it's nice to have her company.

I know the double can be used for towing because we've used it for that. Fortunately, this time I was out in it with Nate, my youngest son's high school buddy, a sturdy, cheerful fellow of 19. We were in the double because it was back before I built the single boats. Some August days cry out for a paddle. One steps outside to get the paper, looks up and tells oneself, "This is one of the ten best days of the year. If I don't get out on the water today, when will I?" Nate is the kind of person one wants to know on those days. He doesn't mull over those decisions, either.

By the time I had the boat on the car Nate had arrived and we drove down to the Great Island boat launch at the mouth of the Connecticut River. We paddled up the east side of Great Island and back and then up the Black Hall River and back. There were a few other paddlers around and some little fishing boats with outboard motors, but the bigger boats were all over toward Saybrook, west of Great Island in the main channel of the Connecticut. It was pretty calm and peaceful where we were with not much to disturb the birds or us. We covered quite a few miles, going as far up the Black Hall as we could, far enough up to hear the traffic on I-95 before it got so narrow we had to turn around.

When we came down the Black Hall to the mouth of the Connecticut a couple of teenagers, several years younger than Nate, were running their jet skis around and we headed out through the break in the sand bar called Griswold Point onto Long Island Sound for some peace and quiet. There were some small waves and it was clear enough to see Orient Point on the North Fork of Long Island. After awhile I'd had enough and asked Nate if he'd was ready to call it a day. He said he had, I suspect to be kind to the old guy.

As we came back inside the sand bar we saw the younger teenager on his boat and he was struggling. He was kneeling on the bow paddling with his hands, his only progress being dictated by the currents. Nate said, "Should we see if we can help him?"

I said, "If you're up for it, I am." We paddled over to the kid and asked if he wanted a tow. He said he'd appreciate it since his boat had died and he couldn't get it started again. Nate asked him where he wanted us to take him. He pointed to a place about half a mile west on Griswold Point where his big brother had parked his own jet ski and was talking to some other teenagers, oblivious to the problem. We found a place to tie a line to the boat's bow, made it fast to our stern, and started paddling. It was a good thing Nate could do most of the work because it was work and hot work, too. As far as I was concerned we had already done plenty of paddling. But we managed to get the kid and his boat over to his big brother and ourselves back to the boat launch.

As we were putting the boat on the car the older teenager came in on his jet ski. By then there was a car with a trailer at the launch. A woman was standing next to it pacing back and forth and looking down toward Griswold Point. Over the noise of the jet ski she yelled, "Where's your brother?"

The boy replied, "He's down at the Point. His boat died."

Nate said to her, "We towed him over to the Point. He was drifting."

She didn't respond to this. Instead she turned back to the boy and yelled, "How do I drive to the Point?"

Nate and I left. The answer to the question was she couldn't drive to the Point. She could walk to it, swim to it, or take a boat to it but she couldn't drive a car with a trailer any closer than she was when she asked her question.

On the way home I asked Nate if he thought we should have offered to help the woman in some way, maybe by towing the kid's boat back or lending the older boy the towrope. He said, "I think we did all we should. She didn't say thanks for what we did. She didn't seem to want any help from us. Of course, if she'd asked, I would have done it." I had a little more sympathy for the woman. She seemed pretty angry and frustrated. I can understand why. I've had teenage sons myself. Not that we went back to volunteer again. I was tired and I was driving.

### Selden Island

My youngest brother, Peter, is a nurse which is relevant to the subject of paddling. Peter works all sorts of hours and odd shifts. This means he often has time off when other people don't. Summer weekends are not the best times for paddling places like the Connecticut River. There often is a steady parade of power boats going up and down it. Before I retired I paddled weekends quite a lot, but the best time to paddle is in the middle of the week when there's less traffic.

One of the appealing things about a kayak is its quiet, even stealthy, nature. I can get quite close to birds and other animals without disturbing them. Even on a nice summer day in midweek the Connecticut River can be tranquil. Quite often Peter would be off in the middle of the week and we'd go paddling.

Selden Island is one of our favorite places and my favorite way of getting there is to take the ferry. I come from the west side of the Connecticut River, Peter from the east, and we meet at the boat launch right below Gillette Castle. I take the ferry across from Chester to Hadlyme. Ferries are always fun as far as I'm concerned, but this one is quite small and there's a great view of Gillette Castle and the river down toward Selden Island from it. There are other ways to get to the east side of the river without parting with \$3, but it's money well spent.

We've done Selden Island many different ways, including one memorable moonlight paddle a few years ago sponsored by the Appalachian Mountain Club, but Peter and I have our favorite route. We start by paddling across the river and up a quarter mile or so to a marina on the west side to check out the boats there. There are a couple of classic wooden cabin cruisers moored there and there are always some other interesting boats, too. Next we go down the west side of the river. The channel is on the east side so this route is far from any larger boat traffic. We go through the harbor at Deep River. There are plenty of boats to look at there, too.

One of the sights over the last few years was an old steel-hulled steamship. As I recall the information on the sign, it was built in the early 1900s and could be bought for what seemed like very little. On one trip with Judith along in the double boat we looked it over and I asked her if she thought we should buy it, sell the house, and use the proceeds to make it seaworthy so we could take up life as

permanent vagabonds. She didn't think this was a good idea.

On reflection, I agree. Not that the life of a permanent vagabond has no attraction. It's just that keeping that ship afloat looked to me like a full time project. The object of retirement, as far as I'm concerned, is not to have any full time project. That was called a job.

The Deep River anchorage is protected by Eustasia Island and as we come out into the main channel of the river at its south end we can see the south end of Selden Island. We cross the river at that point and look for the outlet of Selden Creek. It's a little hard to see until we get right up to it, but at that point it's unmistakable.

Selden Creek is delightful. There are lots of birds and we'd have use for our bird book and binoculars if we brought them. The creek itself winds through the woods on both sides past big rocks at times and lowlands at others. There are some sandy beaches and even picnic tables and toilets, courtesy of the State of Connecticut. It's a state park. Sometimes there are other kayakers. Often there are other small boats. Nothing very big can get up there. It is one of the most relaxing, cheerful places I've ever been. No one ever seems to be in a hurry or grouchy. Everyone is ready for a chat. It's a great place to take a break or have lunch.

The north end of Selden Creek brings us back into the river and we either head back to the launch site or go up into Whalebone Creek which comes into the Connecticut just below the ferry landing and boat launch. Whalebone Creek is best done at the higher end of the tidal cycle but it's worth seeing this tidal marsh even if the water is low.

Last summer Judith and I were up Whalebone Creek in the double when we met a young couple in a canoe. They had their four-year-old son and their Labrador aboard. We chatted a bit and paddled on. As we got around a bend a couple of hundred yards away we heard a loud splash and, fearing the little boy had fallen in, we paddled back as quickly as we could to see what help we could be. It wasn't the little boy who made the splash. It was the Labrador. He had finally been allowed to swim, a thing he'd been eager to do for some time. We paddled with them a few hundred yards, led by the dog. As we headed back into the main river they were loading a wet and muddy Labrador back into the canoe. He looked happy.

### Barn Island

The phone rang. It was Peter. "Hey, David, I have tomorrow off. Let's do Barn Island." Barn Island is a bit of a haul from here. It's the last state boat launch on the shore going east toward Rhode Island. It would take me about an hour and a half to get down there. But it's a great paddle.

I said, "Sure, Peter, did you check the tide? When do you want to do this?" After looking at the paper and doing a little mental calculation of high tide we agreed to meet at 1pm at the launch site. The state of the tide isn't so critical if one doesn't want to paddle through the wildlife management area to see the birds, but after going all that way I wanted to make sure we could if we wanted to. The next day turned out to be fine for paddling and we did start out by heading through the network of channels in the tidal marsh to see birds. We traveled in a roughly southeasterly direction down around Pawtucket Point and across the Pawtucket River into Watch

Hill Harbor. Yes, one can go south from Connecticut into Rhode Island just as one can go south from Michigan into Canada.

We always check out this little harbor. It has some boats worth looking at and, besides, it's on the way to the beach. A long spit of land, Napatree Point, sticks out to the west from Watch Hill and we paddled along this spit of land until we found a place to pull out of the water. This isn't hard. It's all beach out there, both sides of the point. We walked over the low dune to the ocean side and put our toes in the Atlantic. That's part of the ritual.

At this point we'd paddled about two miles or so and we had to decide what we wanted to do next. Peter was up for more. As it turned out it was a lot more. We headed for Stonington, Connecticut, which, with its water tower, was clearly visible a little over two miles northwest. The water wasn't rough so we headed straight for it, keeping an eye out for larger boats as we crossed the channels. Most people out there are pretty careful sailors, keeping the speed down and paying attention to other boats, but kayaks are small, low, and not all that obvious over the end of an upraised beer can. So we look out for them. We don't rely on them to look out for us.

Stonington Harbor is a feast for anyone who likes boats. There is everything in there, made of every kind of material, every size and style. It's about a mile from the harbor mouth up to the railroad bridge. A kayak can go above that, and we do routinely, as far as we can, talking to everyone who feels like talking and making comments on the boats to each other. In Stonington Harbor the comments tend to be enthusiastic.

After about an hour and a half of this we decided to head back to the launch site and paddled out past the point then east between the village and Sand Island toward the Wequetequock River. Don't ask me how to pronounce that. I've never heard anyone do it. Up that river there are a couple small marinas sheltered by Elihu Island. We gave these a look and as we were headed across toward Barn Island we saw something that looked to me like a pile of debris floating toward the open water.

As we paddled over to get a better look it separated into two objects, one moving faster than the other. I was ahead of Peter and started paddling as hard as I could toward the faster moving object, hoping to get close enough for a good look before it got out of range. I was in luck. It turned out to be a man in a small fiberglass kayak-like boat, shorter than a sunfish, homemade from the look of it, and very dark brown with a short mast and a small balanced lug sail, also dark brown. I had been misled by the color into thinking it was debris. It sailed pretty well in the little breeze coming in off the ocean. I could catch up with him because he was sailing upwind and had to tack back and forth. The fellow in the boat confirmed he'd built it himself and said he and the fellow following behind were friends. He was taking a little sail for an hour or so.

I headed over to join Peter who was chatting with the fellow sailing the other boat. It turned out to be a catamaran with a lateen sail. This craft was also entirely in dark colors, black and brown. The sail was dark brown. The cordage was all black. The man himself was sitting in a kind of rope hammock, suspended above the pontoons, handling the rudder and sheet from a semi-reclining position. He told us he had built



this boat and was headed out for the night. He'd find some place to anchor and enjoy the solitude.

Despite the rather unconventional appearance of the boat he was making good progress, not fast but steady. He seemed to be completely at ease and confident of its capabilities. By the time this conversation was over we were only a short distance from the boat launch so we pulled the boats out and headed home. I'd love to talk to these fellows again. If there is such a thing as ultimate messabouting, they seemed to be doing it.

### Farmington River

Living around Hartford, when someone hears I am a paddler the next question often is, "Oh, do you paddle the Farmington?"

The answer is, "Of course." The Farmington is a nice size river and in some places ideal for paddling. It also flows through some pretty little towns in a state where pretty little towns are quite common. The Farmington is remarkably varied and would be interesting just for its geography and geology. It flows southeasterly from Barkhamsted and Colebrook down through Riverton, New Hartford, and Collinsville to the town of Farmington where it hits what's known locally as Talcott Mountain.

This is not what most people would think of as a mountain. It's a long basalt ridge that runs from New Haven on Long Island Sound northward through the state into Massachusetts. The Farmington River Valley is tipped to the north at this point and the river flows north for about 14 miles until it passes through the so-called mountain at Tarriffville. At that point it turns southward again, runs through the Tarriffville Gorge (not a place for sea kayaks or canoes) and down into the Connecticut River Valley and the Connecticut River at Windsor.

The Tarriffville Gorge is used for competitions with whitewater kayaks and canoes paddled by people who wear helmets (I suppose because they go upside down quite often) and have guys in wet suits ready to pull them out of trouble. In other words, it's a place where one better know what he is doing and have the gear to do it. I watch, fascinated.

The Farmington is accessible for a canoe or kayak in many places but my favorite place is in Simsbury next to the huge Sycamore tree and the Route 185 bridge. This is a state boat launch site. From there one can go up river or down. Going down the river is a tranquil, gentle trip. It could be done in an inner tube and one of my sons has. Paddling, in other words, is optional. Simsbury's Curtiss Park has a good place to pull out with a much gentler sandy bank than the one at the put in. This is maybe 100 yards below the third bridge, the one for Route 315.

There is ample parking at both places, which is useful when doing this trip, as we usually do, with two cars. We park one at the end, at Curtiss Park and the other at the beginning. At some point we have to get back to the beginning to get the other car. It's about four miles by road, so I suppose we could jog it, but otherwise it's a two-car operation.

This paddle is one I'd take my grandchildren on. It's quick, short, and no one really has to paddle much. It was down this stretch of river some of us took our pre-teen sons and daughters on a birthday party canoe trip some years ago.

Another time I took an older friend who had never been in a kayak down this route in

the double. We were paddling along when a Great Blue Heron overtook us and landed on an overhanging branch about 50' ahead. When he got his full weight on the branch it gave way and he plummeted about 20' before he could get his wings working. By then we were practically underneath him. He then flew, in the ungainly way these birds have, down the river ahead of us and out of sight. Close up those things are huge.

The other place to paddle the Farmington is the Rainbow Reservoir. This also has a state boat launch site on a small, long lake created by a hydroelectric dam. This paddle is fun if one is not unnerved by being close to water skiers and jet skis. I'm not. I'd prefer tranquility but this place is close to my house and I can't beat a 15-minute drive to the launch site. There is also a lot to see.

If I am eager enough to get up early, and being there after about 7:30am is probably too late, I can see the turkey vultures on the ground. They roost in the trees next to the river at night and congregate in the early morning on some large lawns on the riverbank. It's a good place to see other birds, too. There are snowy egrets, kingfishers, cormorants, and gulls and ducks of various kinds. I once saw an osprey on a tree branch that jutted out 15' above the water. It was eating a fish so big I wouldn't have believed it could get it up there.

The most puzzling thing I've seen is on the lower island in this area. For some reason, beavers have cut down several large trees. These trees are a foot or two through at the base and although they are big they are far too small and too few to dam up the river at that point. This island is thick with trees and bushes of all sizes. If the beavers were after the smaller branches in the upper parts of the trees they didn't have to cut down trees this size to get them.

My most memorable experience, though, was with a Black Swan. These are not native to this part of the world. It had escaped from a farm farther up the river. One day I was paddling the double boat as a single just below the Route 187 bridge near the upper end of the upper island and an enormous bird attacked me. Later on, when I had time to reflect on its motives, I thought the most likely reason was that at that time of year he may have been protecting a nest.

In any event, when sitting in a kayak one is rather low in the water. He would have looked me straight in the eye if he had been sitting on the water. But that wasn't his posture when he came near. Instead he rose up to attack and towered over me, wings outstretched and beating. He had a wingspan easily as long as my outstretched arms. I would have fended him off more aggressively but there was a man not far away on the river bank watching the unfolding scene with interest. I didn't know if he might call some official of some agency if I gave this critter a good whack with the paddle so my actions were purely defensive.

I was so busy defending myself it was hard to get in any paddling. The current helped me out by moving me back down river. The swan relaxed a bit and swam over to the island. I paddled over to the spectator to see what he had to say. He said his daughter had just come up the river in her kayak and had had exactly the same experience. He wanted to see how I made out.

It's about three-and-a-half miles from the boat launch to the Route 187 bridge

where the swan incident took place. The river gets pretty scratchy after that. It's a good paddle. The last half-mile the current can be quite strong but by then one is well warmed up and it makes a good workout. To really get one's pulse into the aerobic range, look for a big bird. Maybe it will be willing to help out.



### Checklist

I carry some things in the boat and other things in the car. The car always has:

- Some dry clothes, we will get wet one way or the other. We don't have to capsize. Sweat and spray will get us wet, too.
- Towels for the same reason.
- Sunscreen, this goes on before fastening the seat belt to start driving to the launch site. It's in the car for those who forgot to put it on.
- Extra water for the person who forgot it.
- A map of the area to be paddled.

In the boat I always take:

- Personal flotation device.
- Wallet in the pocket in a baggie,
- Water.
- Paddle seat, in the single boats it comes out.
- Hat.
- Paddling shoes and shorts.
- Sponge to get rid of the water from spray, rain, sweat or whatever.
- 30' of 1/4" nylon line.
- Compass also in the pocket of my PFD.
- A map, if I have one.
- Dry bag containing: Lunch, or at least a snack; Roger Tory Peterson's A Field Guide to Birds; binoculars.

I have forgotten most of these things at one time or another. That's how I know it's a good idea to have them all. I don't own a GPS. We never go out of sight of land. If we are going to paddle over a larger stretch of water when it looks as if fog could come in, I'll take a compass reading. There's no cell phone. I don't own one of those either. If I had one I'd take it in the car at least. There's no camera. I have taken one along at times. I do so with some anxiety. Salt water does nothing for cameras and even if you don't drop it in the water your hands tend to be covered with it.

Sheean and I first met when he was about four. His mom and I got married a year and a half later. Sheean's the one who reacted to THAT news with the indelible, "But we're not satisfied..." (as the man of the house, representing his mother and his sister). Some things make perfect sense. Some things make better questions than answers. Some things. I took Sheean sailing for the first time later that year. We were new to California, new to each other, as step-dad and step-son and for the moment I didn't have a boat to call my own. It could happen.

Elisa, my oldest daughter, who literally cut her first tooth while gnawing on the mainsheet as we transited the government locks in Seattle one day (even before her "terrible twos") was visiting with us for few days. It was Sheean's first sailboat trip. Elisa was the old hand. The three of us jumped aboard a smallish, neglected, foul bottomed, obviously once-indulged Newport 20. Actually I had never actually met the owner. My new CO, at my new command, had told me about how he borrowed the boat sometimes and figured he could tell me where to find the key. Yeah, things may have even started out a bit desperate appearing.

Like I said, I was new to California. In fact, I may have heard the term "Santa Ana." I guess locals think of them in the same manner as they think about earthquakes and traffic jams, they are just part of the wallpaper. Nobody warned me about anything, anyway. It was a crisp, clear day. The ocean outside the harbor was all but flat. One could see all the way to Hawaii if one were tall enough. A great day to take the kids and me sailing.

We found this little N-20 sitting dejectedly at the end of an ungated series of floats in Channel Islands Harbor. Just to be on the sensible side I left the multitude of once-upon-a-time racing jibs and spinnakers piled in the musty forecabin. We just hoisted that pert little main to the truck and did one of my "hey, check this out" departures under sail. Just the main. I most likely noticed that this little boat sported a luff foil on the headstay. Can't say if that was why I left the dock short rigged. Probably. I just didn't want to scare anybody by heeling too much. Remember, this was Sheean's first sailboat outing.

Didn't take me too long to notice that the bottom growth extended in streamers. Heck, there were shellfish stuck to that bottom probably older than the kids were. No problem. We'll just sail downwind, out the channel, and check out this California sailing scene. So that was the "plan." Odd, though. For the nation's most populous state, with all that ice-free water (it was early "winter") thereabouts, there just didn't seem to be anybody else out there sailing with us. Odd.

I did notice that the jetty had people sitting, walking, climbing over the rocks. Mostly they seemed to be waiting for something. Odd. We're doing a slow broad reach, main loosely wung out to port. Downwind. Headed for the open ocean, visible at the end of that narrow, straight sided, riprap, entrance channel. Wow, finally I'm going to get to sail out there where Annette and Tommy went surfing. It had to be some place close, anyhow. "Kids, I know you're gonna love this..."

Wham! Crash! Out of nowhere the wind clocked 90 degrees and quadrupled in strength. We did an all standing, unintentional gybe. That little boom came over so hard, it actually broke and jammed the traveler

## Boating Really Doesn't Make Sense Son of a Son of a Sailor

By Dan Rogers

block as it fetched up on the now buried starboard quarter. There were pieces of the mast-head apparent wind indicator falling into the cockpit. The impact was so sudden, tangs and other rigging parts were coming loose from their long-corroded anchors. Wow. And it slowly dawned on me that we are more or less headed to Hawaii, visible or not. Time for a change of plan.

What I need to do is get the (yep, another bolt rope deal) main off and the engine on. We are basically pinned to the point of sail. The mainsheet is stuck. The luff rope is pretty well glued into the mast. I can't get the sail off without coming head to wind. The bottom and rudder are so completely overgrown we really aren't "under command," at that sort of critical juncture. I need to get the old Evinrude down and running. First the good news.

The ancient scissor bracket actually allowed me to lower the motor toward the water. As I recall this was mounted on the port quarter, the decidedly high side of the boat. I set the choke, furiously pumped the fuel bulb, and wonder of wonders the beyond-its-prime two-stroke roared to life. Now the bad news.

There really isn't any more good news. As I dropped Ole's progeny into the swirling tendrils of seagrass and kelp still stubbornly clinging to our boat bottom and jammed the "F-N-R" lever into the "F" position, nothing else happened. Lots of noise. No propeller spin. This doesn't look good. We have to get one of those fancy luff foil jibs on her if we're going to have any horsepower available to get turned around and make some kind of progress back home.

You're getting the picture. Elisa had never even heard me talking about luff foil sails. All we had ever used were the old fashioned bronze piston hanks. Furthermore, I don't think she had actually ever hoisted a jib on her own, much less crawled up into a smelly, jumbled, lurching forecabin and picked out a ("find a small one, if you can") jib from a pile of sailbags by the magic marker codes, "No. 1," "No. 2," "Mule." "Yeah, let's try the one called a mule. I hope they meant "little" by that."

Both of the kids gamely dragged the sail out and back into the cockpit. I really couldn't let go of the helm because the octopus' garden on the bottom didn't allow for much hands-free "steering." They were going to have to save the day. No harnesses. Probably no lifejackets. Wind screeching and spray flying around. Jason would just have to let his Argonauts enter the fray alone with a minimum of well-shouted suggestions like, "hold on tight!" Talk about overstating the obvious.

Sheean was doing his best to figure out what I meant by "grab that jib sheet and reeve it through the turning block there on the rail, you'll see it, just outboard and aft of the forward coaming winch..." Yeah, I can kind of revert to type when it gets dicey. I probably came down from my command-bridge-at-Trafalgar-act long enough to offer "take that rope end and poke it in here..." We

got the little mule bent on and, to Elisa's credit, it didn't go over the side and add to the drogue effect already discussed. Sheean pulled manfully on the cranky, sun rotted, main halyard. The little jib is more or less on station. Time to start the long, long slog back up the narrow fairway. Dead uphill. It's got to be spitting dry sand in our faces at 50 plus. So this is a Santa Ana, huh?

Remember all those people out roaming around on the riprap? Casually waiting for "something?" Whatever it was they were waiting for, we soon became the center of attraction. One determined-looking fool with two kids in a shabby little foul-bottomed sloop named, ironically enough, *Armadillo*, doing the short tack to nowhere shuffle. We were clawing our way up channel. Every time we came about with that ill-suited sail plan dragging that encumbered hull we'd slide back by about the full advantage gained on the prior, short, close hauled flail. Yep. I've got to imagine that we made for a most entertaining show. We were zigzagging pathetically between the rock walls, close enough to ask for a sip of their Cokes if I'd a mind to.

Years before, when I was about Elisa's age, on the day of our big Santa Ana Adventure, my younger brother, Lee, was not much older than Sheean. Lee and I were captain and stalwart crew aboard the family yacht, a 12' plywood utility with a rented special for this vacation 15 horse OMC. Ah, the adventures that might have was.

But back to the aside. We had been dispatched to pick up another family that was supposed to join us for a camping outing in the wilds of northern Priest Lake in northern Idaho, which is just down the logging road from Canada. Pretty far north. I did hear later, that the mother of this family we were supposed to ferry uplake had expected to meet her "Maker" on that wild return trip. Yeah. The afternoon southerly makes up pretty unabated in those parts.

And that much-anticipated "big" motor had already turned to disappointment. Good news, it started pretty well. Bad news, the fuel pump was completely in-op. We had to pump the little thumb-operated priming pump on the remote fuel tank (basically non-stop) to keep up internal combustion. As the male entrusted with command responsibility, I had to steer and mind to the panicked shrieks and doleful looks of the women and children pathetically jammed into the hold of our little packet. Lee, shall we say, had his thumb on the situation. Yep. Pump, pump, pump, pump... rev, rev, rev, go, go, sputter, cough, pump, pump, pump... That was Lee's lot in this adventure. Neither one of us had even thought about shaving yet.

That little boat wasn't near as commodious as our perceptions would indicate. I can appreciate that poor woman's mortal fear. But her lack of confidence? Come now. "Shucks, there, little lady... all in a day's work..." It was during this trip that I attempted to inspire the will-to-live in my passengers with the ill-timed but apt, "Hey, I'll get you there. Maybe not today. But I'll get you there." That notion has come back to haunt me from time to time.

Back at Channel Islands Harbor. Somehow we have shuddered and slogged our way up the channel and finally can actually see our erstwhile berth upwind and across the turning basin. I had this leftover hippie visor. It was leather and pretty cool



when I bought it, maybe 15 years before. OK, it was probably no longer fashionable, even when I bought it. But I had been wearing it through this whole ordeal and didn't want to loose it over the side. Either because I thought it was a good idea, or he did, or both, Sheean had gone "below" into that little, musty, jumbled cabin.

We were still clawing our way back to the uphill side of the white-capped basin. And just when it looked like things had about done their worst we took the hardest gust yet. I looked down from my perch on the high side through the starboard cabin windows at WATER. Yep, we got knocked down so far, the windows were under water. I was obviously off a page but remembered Sheean last curled up on the port side of the cabin. To be reasonable, not very much of anything that had been to port didn't end in a heap to starboard. My treasured visor was in danger of blowing off. So I flung the stiff leather brimmed thing into the unoccupied starboard side of the cabin as we slowly shook off the knock-down. Actually, I probably did a perfect Frisbee toss with that overly stiff leather visor with the "Maui Whale" logo.

Yep. I caught Sheean square in the eye with that leather Frisbee. Now, I gotta take him home to his mom and explain how I tried to drown her son in what she had already described as a derelict "crud bucket." How I had smacked him in the eye while we were "sinking in the storm." Some days at sea are like that. The legend will stand, long, long after the wind dies down, the water smoothes out, and, yes, the black eye is but a treasured memory of heroism in the face of steep odds.

Hey, I'll get you there. Maybe not today. But, I'll get you there.



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The oyster sloop *Modesty* was built in 1923 by the Wood and Chute Shipyard of Greenport, Long Island. She was originally built to dredge oysters and scallops under sail on Peconic Bay. She is believed to be the last large sailing shellfish dredger built anywhere along the shores of Long Island. *Modesty* was modeled after the 1892 catboat *Honest*, which was built by Jelle Dykstra of Greens Creek, West Sayville. She was built as a gaff-rigged sloop but a two-cylinder Gafka gasoline engine was installed during her construction.

The fact that she was even built at the end of the age of sail is due to an old law enacted before WWI which stipulated that only sail power could be used while dredging for shellfish. After working as a scallop dredger in Peconic Bay until 1936, *Modesty* moved to Connecticut to finish her working career as an oyster dredger. From the 1950s until 1974 she served as a pleasure yacht for various owners.

*Modesty* first came to the Long Island Maritime Museum (then the Suffolk Marine Museum) in the summer of 1974. For the first few years she was used as a floating ambassador at local festivals on the south shore. During the years 1978 to 1980 she was completely rebuilt under the auspices of a grant from the National Trust for Historic Preservation. After she was relaunched in the summer of 1980 she resumed her active role as museum ambassador alongside our other oyster sloop *Priscilla*. They both performed this role successfully for the next two decades along with our tugboat *Charlotte*. *Modesty* was declared a National Historic Landmark by the National Park Service in 2001.

The last few years have been pretty hard ones on the fleet here at LIMM. In 1992 the Suffolk Marine Museum became an institution independent of the Suffolk County Parks Department and in 1993 became the Long Island Maritime Museum. Since then we have had to seek other funding sources in the form of government grants and private donations. In the early 1990s most of the funding sources for our bigger vessels dried up and as a result our fleet suffered. In the last few years we have been struggling just to keep them afloat.

Just a couple of months ago LIMM was awarded a \$75,000 matching funds grant for our *Modesty*. This grant could not have come at a more fortuitous time for us here at the Museum. If you have come down to our waterfront recently it's probably obvious to

## Modesty Restoration

By Josh Herman  
Reprinted from the Long Island Maritime Museum Newsletter



*Modesty* after her restoration outside the Penney Boat Shop, c. 1985. (Photo: Mitch Carucci from the LIMM Collection)

you that *Modesty* is in desperate need of restoration. She has been a static display at LIMM for at least a decade and in that time has received almost no maintenance.

In 2004 we completed a two-year comprehensive restoration of our other waterborne National Historic Landmark, the 1888 oyster sloop *Priscilla*. As *Priscilla* was in the worst condition of the three big vessels we have here at the Museum she was our first priority. This coming summer should be our first opportunity to use her for her new mission as a U.S. Coast Guard certified passenger-carrying vessel. But while we've been directing all of our energy at *Priscilla* both *Modesty* and *Charlotte* have been waiting in the wings.

Hopefully we will be granted access to the grant money sometime this winter and we will start *Modesty's* restoration in the late summer or early fall of 2007. At the outset most of our energy will be expended in procuring lumber and other building materials for this project. This restoration will take us at least two years and it will be quite extensive.

*Modesty* is in pretty bad shape. We are expecting to have to replace 75-85% of the hull, the engine, the sails, and all of the standing and running rigging. The only sound parts of her structure are the planking

from the 1978-1980 restoration and the mast which was just recently replaced in 2004.

When *Modesty* was restored by the Museum in 1978 the project was limited by a very tight budget. She was the first large vessel that we had accepted into our collection and unfortunately she was in worse shape than she is now. Because we were not too tightly constrained by historic preservation standards then, the major goals of that restoration were to get her back in sailing trim and to stay within the available budget.

Because *Modesty* is now a National Historic Landmark, the upcoming restoration will be considerably more expensive. To bring the boat back to a condition closely representing the appearance and construction style of 1923 we will have to undo some of the changes that were made in 1978. Unfortunately most of her structure that is in good shape will have to be replaced because of stricter historic preservation standards. Luckily, for the first time in a very long time we have some money for *Modesty*. The grant we just received was awarded to us by the New York State Office of Parks, Recreation and Historic Preservation and is a matching funds grant. This means that in order to receive all of the \$75,000 we have to raise and spend \$75,000 on our own.

This is where interested readers can help. *Priscilla's* restoration cost was \$300,000. Most of that was given to us in the form of federal grants but quite a significant portion came from private citizens. In order to obtain access to all of the funds currently available to us we must raise an equivalent amount of money from our members and friends. At this time our prospective budget is around \$200,000. This means that even if we can raise all of the \$75,000 we need to match the NYS Parks grant we will still be short of our actual goal.

*Modesty* represents an important period of Long Island's maritime history. She reminds us of time when the baymen of both the north and south shores were an integral part of our economy, when Blue Point oysters were internationally recognized for quality of the highest kind. Alongside *Priscilla* she carries on a centuries old tradition of working sail that has all but disappeared everywhere along the coast of North America and is preserved by institutions like the Long Island Maritime Museum. *Modesty's* history is important to us and if we are going to save her we need your help.

*Modesty* inside the Penney Boat Shop, c. 1980. (Photo: from the LIMM Collection)



*Modesty* c. 1955. (Photo: Dr. Carl Beam, from the LIMM Collection)





This entails people and catboats I tracked while unintentionally lolly-gagging over a favorable review of the book, *The Catboat Era In Newport, Rhode Island*, by John M. Leavens (1907-1987) and edited by Judith Navas Lund (2005, Tilbury House, Publishers, Gardiner, Maine, \$34.95). Due to the interlocking nature of traditional small craft and the small world in which they are still a subject of keen interest, I was drawn in and educated.

The mercurial nature of history lends itself to accident-like eye witness reports or one typographical error followed by another. When one is unable to ascertain the veracity of any account in this morning's newspaper, forced to accept bullets at face value, it seems incongruous that after a long search through the stacks in a faraway library, on your day off, you are excited to take notes from a decrepit microfilm reader scrolling through yellowing newsprint and cling to the data on the screen from a date much closer in time to the reality and era of your topic than your reality. It's all tenuous, man made, not perfect, and infinitely interesting. The Leavens collection of Newport catboat material found an angel for an editor, Judy Lund, and a vigilant steward in The Catboat Association. Labors of love are rarely supported today in the publishing world. A former curator of the New Bedford Whaling Museum, Lund merits kudos for her fine achievement, getting John Leavens' passionately accumulated data and photographs into print.

How are we to know our history if not for the open stacks of classic libraries, the significant accumulations of our culture held publicly and privately by institutions, associations, and individuals from books, paintings, and boats to bird skins. It is our responsibility to respect those who steward collections and make them available to the public, to access them, and when possible to support them financially. Collections are unwieldy and many are unlike those of the Met, unglamorous and esoteric or eccentric. Much effort and money is invested in housing and stewarding both the physical artifact and the attendant file data. The modern trend is to break up collections, harvest the "valuable," and digitize everything, penalizing the artifact that is large in volume and costly storage, emphasizing the artifact with provenance, the so-called icon factor. How do you make collections come alive? By using and adapting the knowledge within. For boats, the ultimate is to build and use copies of them, John Gardner's old mantra. Thus the "wreck" in storage can be just as important to the boatbuilder as the gleaming, in-the-water replica and a publication or presentation of the construction process is obligatory.

Summing up the 9th Annual Catboat Association Meeting in January 1971 at Mystic, John Gardner (1905-1995) in his March *National Fisherman* column wrote, "Either catboat sailors are a favored lot to begin with or catboats exercise a benign influence upon those who sail them." He was impressed by the geniality of the crowd of 250 who honored builder W. Wilton M. Crosby, Jr. and Marblehead designer Fenwick Williams, listened to the principal speaker Bill Robinson of *Yachting*, and singled out for comment the youngest owner, Robert S. Stuart. Then 13 years of age, Stuart owned the oldest catboat in the membership, the 14'4" *Marionette*, built in 1888 by Edgar Jenny of Marion, Massachusetts. Stuart loved

## Collections, Stewards, and Catboats

Notes on the importance of collections and those who steward them, the continuing debt of gratitude and support we owe, as relates to some catboats.

By Sharon Brown

sailing her and nine years later he saved her for future generations and donated her to Mystic Seaport (Acc. No. 1980.20). The previous year, at the 1970 Annual Catboat Association Meeting, John met Breck Marshall (1921-1976), the principal speaker who described his sailing exploits and the genesis of Marshall Marine catboats before receiving the John Killam Murphy award for "preserving the tradition of sail in catboats."

This exposure led John to measure the 21'5" *Dolphin*, the "hearty grandfather cat" designed and built by Wilton Crosby (1856-1935), of Osterville in 1917 with sail plan designed by Williams. Owned for many years by John K. Murphy, he sold her in 1965 to John's friend Edward B. "Ned" Watson, Jr. and Capt. Adrian Lane of Noank, Connecticut. They were mate and skipper of Mystic Seaport's 61'6" sail training schooner, the Sparkman & Stephens-designed, 1932 Nevins-built *Brilliant* which came to the Seaport in 1953 (Acc. No. 1987.77). Still under the "influence," John wrote two columns on *Dolphin's* lines and construction details published in the *National Fisherman* in 1971 (July and October).

In January 1972 he was the keynote speaker at the Saturday luncheon in the River Room, of Mystic's Seamen's Inne at the 10th Annual Meeting of the Catboat Association. A "real mob" of 350 was registered (*Catboat Association Bulletin* No. 37, Supplement No.1, March 15, 1972). Association co-founder John M. Leavens, a follower of John's articles in the *National Fishermen* and the *Maine Coast Fisherman*, introduced John and was generous in his praise. John, in the third year of his employment at Mystic's Marine Historical Association (Mystic Seaport Museum), was asked to discuss construction and maintenance of wooden catboats using slides of projects from the "Small Craft Laboratory." He apologized for reading a script which included three unusual proposals. From our perspective 35 years later in a sociopolitical climate lacking in civility and flourishing in a vacuum of accountable leadership, his remarks in preface are refreshing.

Before a captive audience he lamented the passing of values which he felt were represented by "the catboat experience in purest essence... Henry Plummer's "The Boy, Me, and the Cat" which he had reviewed ten years earlier (*NF* May:41 1962), giving it an enthusiastic blessing to the point of musing on construction of a replica of the book's 30 year old 24'6" Cape Cod catboat, *Mascot*, upon his retirement. This was perhaps a whimsical late night reflection at the typewriter given his personal situation in 1962, a year when he wrote 20 articles, held down a full time job in the boat yard, and consulted for the Adirondack and the Peabody museums, all against the backdrop of growing U.S. military involvement in Vietnam with attendant social disruption. John seemed to empathize with Plummer seeking respite

from "frazzled nerves and tired eyes" on an eight month cruise, New Bedford to Miami and return, with his young son which apparently worked wonders, cementing their relationship and rendering the father "a wild horse" with renewed vigor and health. It was John's opinion that adapting past experience to present needs was what distinguished history as "a living, vital force, a conservative force" and not "mere antiquarianism and ancestor worship." He interpreted conservatism—one Webster definition of which is "a political philosophy based on tradition and social stability"—as a positive force, adding "that catboat people are conservatives. And to be conservative in that sense means not to accept or submit to the decadence around us." He felt that the size and spirit of The Catboat Association meeting was indicative of "reserves of social health" and proclaimed, "Catboats are definitely on the side of the angels. Long live catboats and the catboat experience." (Refreshingly, one could easily derive the same thought from attending an annual meeting of the Catboat Association today.)

The core of his talk covered amateur construction and maintenance of the wooden catboat, touching on rot and how to avoid it, preservatives, fastenings, and leaks around the centerboard trunk. He proposed catboat clinics where owners would bring their boats for expert advice, a technical information branch which would dispense data and answer questions on maintenance and supply, and suggested the association purchase a hull solely to take it apart and record the details of its construction. He spoke from his experience at Mystic Seaport and the readers' inquiries prompted by his *National Fishermen* columns. "Here at Mystic Seaport we are concerned, or aim to be, with living history. By living history, just that is meant—those elements which can be brought over from the past to inform, invigorate, enrich, and rectify present day living. And living history comes to sharp focus in the area of small craft."

Outside the Seamen's Inne door was an unassuming display of the latest boat shop project, a newly hewn white oak keel. It was for a copy of a boat in the Museum's collection, the 1885 Wilton Crosby built Woods Hole Spritsail Boat *Explorer* (ex T.C. Acc. No. 1960.196). John paused for a photograph, flanked by the two secretaries and founders John Leavens and Paul Birdsell. He and his Boat Shop assistant Sylvester Costelloe had earlier conferred over construction details with Wilton M. Crosby, Jr. at the Crosby Osterville yard in Massachusetts. Launched in August 1973, she was christened *Sandy Ford* and accessioned into the collection (Acc. No. 1973.40). Joining The Boathouse livery fleet in 1988, *Sandy Ford* has provided sailing opportunities for thousands of Mystic Seaport visitors over the last 19 summers and has inspired the construction of at least one other in her class, the Eddie Swift designed *Roberta* (S. Brown, *Messing About in Boats* 18(7)August 15:13-17 2000). *Roberta* was commissioned by John McLaughlin after he took a Friday Boathandling Class at Mystic Seaport's Boathouse. She was built in 1996-97 by Taylor and Snediker Fine Woodworking to lines purchased from Mystic Seaport Ships Plans of the E.E. Swift design built by him in 1913 for his brother (Acc. No. 1968.2).

*Dolphin* became part of Mystic Seaport's collection in 1987 (Acc. No.



Boatbuilder Walter Ansel instructs students replacing a plank on the Woods Hole Spritsail Boat *Sandy Ford* during a class in Wooden Boat Repair in 2001. (Sharon Brown Photograph)

1987.138). Earlier a half model of her by Don Rosencrantz of Essex, Connecticut, became The Dolphin Award for exceptional service to The Catboat Association, awarded for the first time at the 1975 Annual meeting at Mystic to Ned Watson and 12 years later to Adrian Lane.

Mystic Seaport's watercraft collection has grown considerably since the first boat, the newly restored 28'9" sandbagger, *Annie*, built and designed by Mystic's D.O. Richmond, was donated in 1931. There are three editions of the *Watercraft Catalog*: 1979, 1986, and 2001. In the first edition there were 220 classic North American boats listed, a number which has since more than doubled. Jon Wilson, editor-in-chief of *WoodenBoat*, in the foreword to the latest edition, *Mystic Seaport Watercraft*, written by Maynard Bray, Benjamin A.G. Fuller and Peter T. Vermilya (2001, Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc.) wrote, "Providing relevance and context for collections is a significant component of the mission of any museum and in this age of virtual realities, synthetic experiences, and the eclipsing of education by entertainment, the unique value of true artifacts has become increasingly critical... The challenge, then, is to connect these artifacts with the lives of human beings because it has become too easy to dismiss them as insignificant to modern times."

Catboats have been an area of strength of the collection from the beginning. But tallying up the number is a matter of definition. In the introduction to the catboat section of the *Watercraft Catalog*, Leavens wrote, "A boat can be cat-rigged without being a catboat but a catboat is always cat-rigged." The Catboat Association published the following catboat definition, "a boat traditionally fitted with a gaff-rigged sail set on a single mast well up forward in the 'eyes' of the boat." A recent definition by C. Henry Depew (CBA No. 138, Fall 2005) is more inclusive. "The cat, as a breed, defies any sort of purist definition. That, I suppose, is the most accurate definition of all." In the *Watercraft Catalog* 48 of the boats are cat rigged and another two dozen or so could be included under one definition or another (in addition to those in use at the Boathouse and elsewhere), a decent

percentage of a collection of ca. 500 historic boats representative of America and The Sea.

These classic records of our maritime heritage are the stacks, the reference library, for those wishing to restore a catboat or build a replica from another era. As with Leavens' Newport Cat collection. The timely publication of his book was relevant to at least one restoration, that of the 12'8" catboat presently on the Island of Skiathos in Greece. Owned by Dr. C.J. Tsamasfyros of Westminster, Colorado, he believes she was built in either Fall River or Newport ca. 1885-1900 by George Mathinos who is featured in the book, along with the Greek fishing fleet. At least two of the boats in Leavens' book are in Mystic's collection and available for study, both built on Newport's Long Wharf in the late 1800s, the 17' Kingfisher II (Acc. No. 1975.5) and the 12'3" fish and lobster boat *Button Swan* (Acc. No. 1949.145; see also Leavens' CAB

No. 46 and John Gardner NF 66(7)Nov:85-87 1985).

Leavens' influence continues to permeate the catboat world through his articles in the *Catboat Association Bulletin* and his books, including the 1973 classic, *The Catboat Book*, which he edited (published for the Catboat Association by International Marine). One of his personal achievements was inspiring the Catboat Association funding for Mystic Seaport projects, and an annual donation for the "ongoing propagation of the Catboat faith" is still in place (CAB No. 136 Winter 2005).

This support was integral to the construction of the 20' Crosby cat reproduction, *Breck Marshall*, in the Seaport's Boat Shop by Barry Thomas, Bret Laurent, and Clark Poston in 1986-87. (The Gil Smith designed 21' Great South Bay Racing catboat, *Anitra*, built in 1988 in the shop was backed by the Sven Hansen Fund.) The project was documented by Thomas in *Building the Crosby Catboat*, published in 1989 by Mystic Seaport. With the association's help and the first-hand knowledge of Horace Manley 'Bunk' Crosby, Jr. to draw on, Thomas, a boat builder who worked side-by-side in the shop at one time with John Gardner, was able to document and follow the traditional construction methods employed by the Crosby Yard. The results were stunning (S. Brown CAB No.111, Fall:40-41 1996).

Since 1988 *Breck Marshall* has carried a total of 66,291 passengers and many family dogs from Mystic Seaport's Boathouse docks, Ames Landing and Middle Wharf. In her heyday, 1991 through 1994, she carried 5,000 per summer season. Under 392 square feet of sail she is a compelling presence on the river between the Seamen's Inne and the Route 1 bascule bridge—a dance partner for a unique cadre of capable skippers sailing in a narrow, busy channel in fluky winds on a half hour schedule. Her name honors the legendary catboat sailor and manufacturer, Breck Marshall, who got his start in boat building in 1956 at the Beetle Boat Co., then of New Bedford (J. Lawrence, NF April:28 1965). A founding member of the Catboat

A single reef tucked in, the 20' Crosby Catboat reproduction *Breck Marshall* scuds across the Mystic River estuary with Capt. Brian Hill at the helm. Since her launch in 1987 she's carried over 66,000 passengers for Mystic Seaport's Boathouse. (Sharon Brown Photograph)







Pre-launch anticipation for Beetle Inc.'s 28' C.C. Hanley catboat *Kathleen* on Patriots' Day 2006 in Wareham, Massachusetts, on the left, owner Tim Fallon talks with well wishers while Bill Sauerbrey and his nephew Tucker prepare for small boat deployment. (Sharon Brown Photograph)

Association, Breck Marshall's memory still fuels warm recollections of earlier times by those who sailed with him. Like Martin and Marjorie Miller of West Redding, Connecticut, frequent passengers on *Breck Marshall* who donated Marshall Marine memorabilia and Stan Grayson's book, his 1984 *Catboats* (International Marine Publishing).

*Breck Marshall's* construction inspired other projects including two of the same model, *Peggin*, built in 1987-1988 at the Landing School in Maine and launched August 13, 1988, and Nick Marshall's dream. Marshall holds a 100 ton USCG license and sails *Tacoma*, Washington's Sea Scout sail training vessel, the 1938, 90' Sparkman & Stephens yawl, *Odyssey*. When on this coast he usually sneaks in a sail on *Breck Marshall* and is hoping to satisfy his catboat yearnings by commissioning the Northwest School of Wooden Boat Building at Port Hadlock, Washington, to build a copy after they finish with his Bristol Bay Gillnetter.

*Peggin's* story is also romantic. She sits on the Connecticut River in Essex, testament to the power of the catboat influence. Her owners, Ginny Pyne and Merrill Dunn of nearby Higganum, were married on her keel in a barn at the Landing School in Kennebunkport in October 1987. In the early 1980s they'd fallen for a catboat at the school's exhibit at Newport's Wooden Boat Show and revisited her as well as Mystic Seaport's Boat Shop where the *Breck Marshall* was taking shape. "Doing research," they met curator Ben Fuller, the builders, and interpreters who were fortunate to experience the energy and magical power of her construction process. Years later, one spring Saturday, Merrill stopped by The Boathouse with his young son Mike. They were checking out *Breck Marshall* and the state of spring commissioning and stumbled upon our open door. Tugged around by Max, an exuberant golden retriever at the other end of the leash, it was hard to tell what Mike thought of the paint splattered crew anxious for opening date. But something sparked his curiosity and the Dunn/Pyne family have

volunteered for Mystic Seaport ever since. Among other rituals we share, some of The Boathouse crew are fortunate to pay homage to *Peggin* on Groundhog Day, the Essex Ed celebration of merriment. Riding solo at the dock under tarp, we once found her tucked in with a bubbler surrounded by thick river ice and an igloo fort nearby. As *Breck Marshall's* "sister" we keep abreast of her commissioning and buttoning up through the seasons.

Over 1998-99, Newport's International Yacht Restoration School under then master boatbuilder Clark Poston's direction, restored the 20'6" catboat *Daisy*, built in 1888 by Frederick J. Dunn at Monument Beach, Bourne, Massachusetts. Townsend Horner reported that it was discovering her history that made the owner Frank O'Brien's efforts to have the school restore her succeed. It was his passion that sold the project to Elizabeth Meyer (CAB No. 118, Winter 1999). Speculating on *Daisy's* future, Poston, in reference to his work at Mystic, was quoted paying respect to *Breck Marshall*, "She was one of the best things to come out of Mystic Seaport" (CAB No. 119, Spring 1999).

One of the sweetest big cats to be launched in recent times is *Kathleen*, the 28' x 12'4" Charles C. Hanley (1851-1934) model from lines published in *Rudder* in 1919 (see S. Grayson *WoodenBoat* No. 193:60-69 2006). This was a collaborative effort by her owner Tim Fallon and Bill Womack's Beetle, Inc. shop in Wareham, Massachusetts, where boatbuilder Bill Sauerbrey, foreman for custom projects, led the construction with John O'Donovan. She took shape alongside the Beetle Cat mold where Charlie York and Jonathon Richards built Beetle Cats—their 85th year in production—and master painter

A new Beetle Cat, one of *Kathleen's* "stablemates," in Bill Womack's Beetle, Inc. Wareham shop taking shape at the hands of Jonathon Richards and Master Builder Charlie York. (Sharon Brown Photograph)

Shawn Sipple interjected humor from the Paint Shop. Everyone, including office manager Michelle Boniconto, had a hand in the outcome and rightly took pride in her.

On a spring day in 2006, down below on *Kathleen* in the shop, I watched Bill Sauerbrey paint just before quitting time. He had taped off the foc'sle beaded cypress ceiling and was painting the vertical tongue and groove cypress staving that edged the aft ends of the vee berths adjacent to the forward end of the centerboard box, the head ledges. Without a drop or smudge he carefully laid each brush stroke of Kirby white from a 4" brush. I was transported by the scene to the construction of the *Breck Marshall* and mused aloud. Bill reminded me that his first job in Mystic Seaport's shop in the fall of 1987, when he was a Williams-Mystic student, was painting Kirby French Grey on the staving on the cabin of *Breck Marshall*. Only the day before at The Boathouse dock Capt. Jim McGuire and volunteer Jonathon Lovejoy were painting *Breck's* staving and boom crutch with the same paint.

In October 2005 I heard Bill and Tim Fallon make a deceptively casual but thoroughly inclusive account of *Kathleen's* construction for the Maritime Artisans Speaker's Series at the Jones River Landing in Kingston, Massachusetts, and was fortunate to follow her construction from Bill's lofting in August of 2004 through her launch on Patriot's Day, April 17, 2006, at Wareham's Tempest Knob Ramp (MAIB 24(3) June 15:17 2006). Bill returned to the shop floor to shape her mast and boom and Tim later stopped by Mystic Seaport's Boathouse with John York, after first picking up *Kathleen's* carbon fiber gaff fabricated in nearby Ledyard. While researching the job he was quoted, "I began to realize that a large catboat project might be something that catboat enthusiasts would be interested in and might even be of historical significance as these indigenous boats are becoming an endangered species in the waters around Cape Cod."

Under 910 square feet of Nat Wilson sail, *Kathleen* has proven kindly and fast at





Leo Telesmanick and Bill Sauerbrey in the old Smith Neck Road Shop in 1995 when Charlie York still owned the Beetle Cat business. (Sharon Brown Photograph)

the helm. Some of Hanley's earlier classics, like his ringer, the 26'4" *Mucilage* launched in 1888 took top honors on July 4, 1889 against Newport catboats, helping to establish his reputation for fast models including the 1889 28'10" *Harbinger*, the 1890 26'2" *Almira*, the 1892 21' *Cleopatra*, the 1895 27' *Clara*, and the 1896-97 33' *Thordis* (recounted in *The Catboat Book*). Drawing only 2'9" with the board up, *Kathleen* is a "Big Beetle" made for New England waters. Tim Fallon, software engineer and world class dinghy sailing competitor, grew up sailing Beetle Cats on the Cape. He is fearless in one, racing and sailing his *Mole Minder* in all seasons. So his intentions to race *Kathleen* and liveaboard in Boston Harbor close to his job is not such a leap.

Bill Sauerbrey absorbed boat building traditions from the Dean of American Small Craft at Mystic's John Gardner Boat Shop. He worked alongside shop supervisor, Barry Thomas, teaching boat building classes and researching traditional boat building skills. Together they built, among other projects, the 21' *Anitra*, 10' Chaisson Dory Tenders, and a Beetle Whaleboat. Some mornings Bill would arrive at work, stepping off his Friendship sloop *Venture* with the salt of Fishers Island Sound still clinging to his clothes and his black lab Kelsea sauntering alongside. Laughter would erupt, punctuating the animated exchanges down below, especially after a weekend or evening sail in a stiff breeze. (Kelsea and I up here waiting on John.) He moved on to Beetle Inc., on Smith Neck in South Dartmouth to build Beetle Cats with Charlie York and absorbed directly from Leo J. Telesmanick (1915-2001). Next he worked for Howard Boats of Barnstable where he designed and build their first 12' catboat with benches, now marketed as the Fisher Cat. He returned to Beetle and continued through the sale of the company and move to the current spacious industrial site, where he has worked on a number of projects, including Beetles, and the design and construction of a flat bottom skiff, the 10'6" *Willy Potts* and now a new 14' model catboat with bench seats, the Beetle 14. He mentors friends in the construction and repair of small boats, and for himself, designed and built the fine 18' double ended lapstrake rowing boat *Grace* which he and his wife Florence and friend Mark Williams row in Cape waters. He started on this path as a kid seeking fun on the water in the Western end of Long Island Sound on the Connecticut shore in a community of privilege where he

preferred to scull and race dinghies on the edge with his sister. A daredevil on a sailboard, always pushing the limits and having fun. From the onset, his father, Bill Sr., ingrained the importance of seamanship. Before selling her, his Beetle Cat cruising in Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket waters was chronicled in local newspapers. A patient teacher, he shares all and passes on the traditions to his young nephew and niece who are already competitive sailors. He honors the old ways but he is comfortable in the modern world rocketing across to Block Island in *Scoot*, his stripped down Fortier 26, her wooden skiff tender in the cockpit.

Other large catboat projects of traditional plank-on-frame construction are underway. Some, as the 21' Fenwick Williams 1932 design taking shape in Peter Bradford's Middleboro, Massachusetts, garage, are done in a time frame measured by work commitments and slowly evolve without fanfare, nurtured along by friends and family. Some projects are restorations, some new construction, but all require research and reference to collections of one kind or other and are kept underway by money, skill, and passion whether home, commercial shop, or institution projects.

At the 39th Annual Catboat Association meeting in Newport in 2001, 340 were in attendance and Ron Denman of Lyme, Connecticut, received the Broad Axe Award for restoring the 1893 28'6" *Dolphin*, designed and built by George Huxford of Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard. She was in rough shape when he and Bobbie Kenyon bought her from Seth Person's Connecticut River boat yard in 1983. Kenyon, a gifted photographer, documented each phase of the challenging reconstruction and encouraged our field trips to their workshop with Boathouse volunteers to note their progress. In 1999 *Dolphin's* shiny black hull steamed through the Route 1 bascule bridge to attend Mystic Seaport's Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous where she won special citation for a Herculean effort at restoration, going on in 2001, 2002, and 2004 to take further commendations at the annual show.

Nat Benjamin of Gannon & Benjamin, Martha's Vineyard, spoke at the same Newport Catboat gathering in 2001.

Mike Dunn and Ginny Pyne in a Chamberlain Dory Tender take evasive action as Bill Sauerbrey rolls his Beetle Cat into a tack at Mystic Seaport. (Sharon Brown Photograph)



Describing the 1998-99 restoration of Oscar Pease's *Vanity*, the 20'8" catboat designed and built by Edgartown's Manuel Swartz Roberts in 1929 for work off Martha's Vineyard, Benjamin stated, "That is an important thing for us to do—the education of people. The values she represents are of discipline, of independence, of self-sufficiency, and efficiency. If we don't use these vessels and learn from these values, then we'll lose them." *Vanity* now sails charters for Martha's Vineyard Historical Society, keeping the maritime traditions alive and augmenting the provenance of a boat designed for the waters she sails today.

At the Cape Cod Maritime Museum in Hyannis a replica of the Herbert F. Crosby catboat *Sarah*, built in 1886, is nearing completion and is expected to be launched in the spring of 2007. Museum spokesman Mark Williams eagerly anticipates her ultimate use as a "floating classroom" for students of all ages.

In January 2006, John Brady, Boat Shop Manager at the Penns Landing Boatshop of Philadelphia's Independence Seaport Museum, was supervising the white oak framing of a replica of the 33' *Silent Maid*. Designed by Francis Sweiguth, the original was built in 1924 by Morton Johnson of Bayhead, New Jersey, for Philadelphia businessman Edwin J. Schoettle who wrote about her in his 1928 *Sailing Craft* (MacMillan, New York). Contracted for a customer, her construction is a teaching platform for volunteers who serve as apprentices learning traditional boat building skills.

A sampling only of similar construction projects underway, these contemporary catboat projects will fan out in their influence and help to keep the skills alive. On this subject one cannot discount the Beetle Cat's impact nor that of Leo J. Telesmanick who was awarded the Broad Axe Trophy in 1978-79. At Mystic Seaport, his wife Alma donated the Leo J. Telesmanick (Hull #18150180, Acc. No. 1980.53) in honor of his 50 years of dedication to the construction of the 12' hulls. She stated, in part, "I would like the boat named after Leo because without his dedication, quality of workmanship, materials, etc., I know the Beetle would never have survived all these years. I know, I've lived with this for 46 years myself, I answer all





John York and Tim Fallon talk catboats with The Boathouse crew Joyce Coleman, George Hess, Tia D'Alessandro, and Bryan Hammond working on George Kelley's double paddle canoe and the ketch *Araminta's* main mast. (Sharon Brown Photograph).

mail..." [she was Waldo Howland's secretary]. Alma thought he was going to retire. Much later, when Leo had, he still walked down to the shop to talk to the boys and keep them apprised of what he thought about any innovations.

Under the spell of the catboat, they enrich my life. At work at The Boathouse where the majority of our sailing boats are cat rigged, the whole fleet has strong ties with Leo J. Telesmanick, Waldo Howland, the Crosbys, Bill Garden, L.F. and N. Herreshoff, and John Gardner. Across the river a Beetle Cat (Bill Ames' old *Kukla*) and a Bolger Bobcat are stored in the backyard, a neighbor's Marshall 22 sits at the dock, and next door on a clothesline mooring getting lots of early morning attention from photographers, a Marshall 15 Sandpiper from Tripp's Westport Point Yard and a 14' Merle Hallet designed 1970 Handy Cat built by Nauset Marine of Orleans on the Cape. Between the Route 1 and I95 bridges there are other catboats to admire including more Beetle Cats, an Arey's Pond Kitten, an Americat 22 and at least one other Marshall 22. The design still valid for these waters, form and function joined, and the craft and passion threaded through each new generation stretching back to the late 1800s.

In a late afternoon call Merrill Dunn recounts highlights of an exhilarating solo on *Peggin* caught in a shifty autumn blow at the mouth of the Connecticut River. His excitement and pleasure palpable, he waits on his son Mike, now 6' in height and working the waterfront summer programs at the Connecticut River Museum. Currently volunteer Shelby Farrell, a member of the Stonington High School Sailing Team, is eager to bail the old wooden skiff sitting at The Boathouse dock, a freebie given to young volunteer Mason Hall and the only boat to row since our fleet was hauled for winter maintenance. It's all small craft history in the making and Plummer's *The Boy, Me and The Cat* is just as applicable today. (A new edition, enhanced with photographs from the trip which Peter Brewer acquired, was issued in 2001 and is available on the Catboat Association web site.)

Though fleets of wooden catboats were once a ubiquitous New England pres-

ence both for pleasure and work, almost 100 years after their peak there are still boats being constructed by impassioned craftsmen from the old designs, plank-on-frame, due primarily to the data kept in museums and the collections of historical societies, libraries, and other institutions like the Catboat Association, providing public access to the collections themselves, and through publications. It is possible to stand on the shore of a small Cape Cod harbor and squint into the sun to see a new catboat dating from 1919 swinging on her mooring. A long way from Hanley's half model, she sails in jpegs on my laptop, instilling admiration. Though we may never get the opportunity to sail her, we know that the experience is very close to that of her ancestors, of wood and sail alone, on home waters. Like a fine violin, she is representative of a great deal of material culture. John's "living history."

(submitted January 14, 2007)

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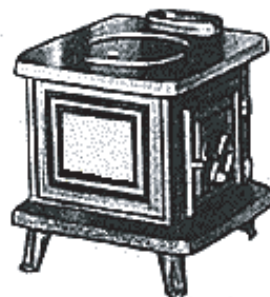


Leo Telesmanick's great grandson shows off his preferences on a family visit to Mystic Seaport's Boathouse. (Sharon Brown Photograph)

Bill Sauerbrey's nephew Tucker takes the Beetle skiff *Willy Potts* out for a spin at the Kathleen launch. (Sharon Brown Photograph)



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When I was a Boy Scout 50 years ago I remember reading an article entitled, "Building an Orange Crate Canoe." At the time I read it, however, oranges were no longer crated in anything suitable for canoes.

The concept, however, of making a boat from readily accessible materials stuck with me. Here is a boat, called Sailor Girl, that uses my design and construction methods. It's made from wood you can easily find at the local lumberyard.

Each May participants come to my shop to learn the boat building process for themselves. They come from a variety of backgrounds as diverse as a doctor and his 13-year-old son to a woodworker/blacksmith from a rural skills center. For each of them making a boat fulfills a dream.

### Epoxy and Plywood

Boats present challenges not found in cabinetry. Just about every line is a curved one. The joints need to be watertight and waterproof. And the whole project needs to be reasonably lightweight yet be able to take the stress of use under sail.

A key ingredient in making this possible is the development of epoxy adhesives. In the early 1970s a company in Bay City, Michigan, pioneered the use of epoxy as a way to solve problems arising when wood gets wet.

The Gougeon Brothers were making large wooden propellers for wind turbine electric generators. Wood was an excellent choice for lightweight and strong blades but rot and wood swelling when wet were problems standing in the way of its use. They solved this by saturating the fibers with the strong bonding substance epoxy. They called their product WEST™, which stood for wood epoxy saturation technique.

The other necessary ingredient is the familiar product, plywood. Besides giving us standard wide sheets of 4'x8' wood, plywood also solves the problem of solid wood expanding and contracting in water. It does this by cross directing wood fibers in each adjacent layer of wood. Wood fiber is dimensionally stable in length while expanding in width.

The net result is that panels cut from plywood don't change size when wet. With

## Build a Sailor Girl On Your Own A Week in Your Own Shop Will Produce a Boat That's Fun to Sail or Row

By John Wilson



Less than a week into building, Sailor Girl is ready for finishing. This shot was taken at the conclusion of a boat building course at The Home Shop.

epoxy and plywood a boat hull is strong and long lasting while at the same time lightweight and relatively simple to construct.

### Anyone Can Build a Boat

Sailor Girl is a 12' sailing and rowing boat designed to take advantage of epoxy and plywood. The methods devised for her construction are straightforward so that basic shop tools can produce a fine boat in a reasonably short amount of time. Hardware is readily available from marine supply sources. Even the sail is designed for making at home.

The four boats proudly flying their new sails in front of my shop on a Sunday afternoon in May 2004 were all begun the previous Friday morning. Cutting materials for this assembly was done before the event started. Also, a minimal amount of time was spent reading the construction manual as I was directing the event. Sailor Girl is designed to be built with a minimal amount of fuss, with commonly available materials, using shop equipment you already have, in time measured in days, not months or years, as you might think.

### Buying Your Lumber

Let's start with sourcing materials. You'll need two sheets of 1/4" thick 4'x8' plywood. Properly reinforced with solid wood strips epoxied to the edges and bottom, lauan plywood underlayment can be used for building a boat. It's 5.2mm thick, which is slightly thinner than the common 1/4" reference by which it's sold in this country. It's made from large, knot-free logs found in the Pacific Rim countries where it's manufactured.

There is a wide range of quality in underlayment, so what do I look for? Inspect both sides for cracks, voids, and overlapping edge joints of layers. Epoxy can repair most of these defects but it is easier to start out with a clean sheet.

Secondly, I feel the weight of the sheet and select ones that are the heaviest. This will not adversely affect your boat's total weight and the heavier sheets have more strength. A lightweight sheet of underlayment can weigh 15lbs while a heavy one can weigh more than 20lbs. Because I like to paint my boats for ease of maintenance, the color of the plywood does not affect my choice but it may be important in yours.

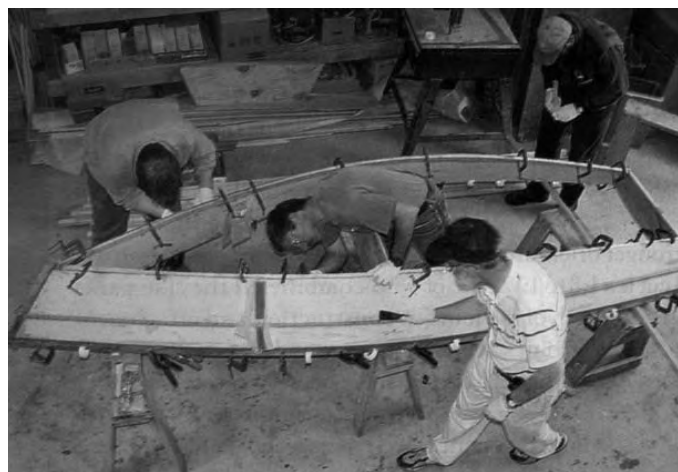
Finally, I check for glue quality. As both interior and exterior grades are sold, you want to ask for exterior ply. At home, soak a scrap of plywood overnight in water to make sure that delamination won't happen to your boat.

Lumberyard etiquette may interfere with selecting the right stuff for your project. With hardwood suppliers you can pick over the pile as long as you put it back. This is not so with softwood yards primarily catering to the home construction market.

At the class, just as in your shop, boat building begins with assembling all the side plywood and connecting pieces during an intense three-hour session. While the epoxy remains wet the boat sides will be sprung into shape. Here Lars Hamre (left) and Jim Hott (right) spread epoxy on the gunwale that goes along the top edge of the side panel. The chine log is already clamped to the edge where the panel and bottom will meet. Lars came with his father, Merlin Hamre (middle).



Single-unit design accomplishes the boat shape in one session. Less than three hours has elapsed since the epoxy was first spread. From left to right, Eisenlord, Hott, Merlin, and Sarge clean the epoxy squeeze-out before it hardens. Note the use of 5¢ PVC clamps along with regular C-clamps.





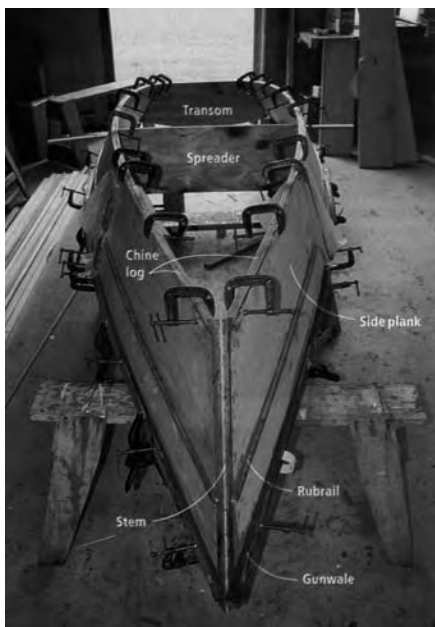


In a 12' long boat the plywood must be scarf joined for length. The long beveled overlap joint uses scrap blocks on each side squeezed together with deck screws. Merlin (left) and Rick Eisenlord use waxed paper to prevent the blocks from being epoxied to the hull, as you see here.



From left to right, Hott, Merlin, Lars, and Eisenlord wrestle the assembly of the sides, stem, and transom into shape with a temporary spreader to hold the shape of the hull. As you can see, it takes all hands on deck to pull these parts together.

The result of a three-hour work session is the completed hull.



You need to enlist the support of the yardman at the outset. He may even wish to build a boat himself and will want to see you be successful. After all, the number of pieces you need is rather small but quality is important. If you don't get the help you need, try returning another day and work with another yardman or go elsewhere.

Solid wood is used for the long, thin pieces cut for mast and sprit, gunwales along the edges for clarity, and keel for the bottom. The seats, small deck, transom knees, rudder and tiller, and leeboard are also all cut from solid wood. I use a combination of softwood and hardwood in my boats but it can all be made from softwood by following simple rules of thumb. Select heavier pieces of wood that have more strength and increase the thickness by 25% when using softwood.

What you will find in straight grained, relatively knot-free lumber the day you go shopping is pretty hard to say, just don't forget to get on the good side of your yardman. Also, it's helpful to know that longer lengths are more likely to yield straighter grained, knot-free sections than the shorter ones.

A key skill in using plywood for any boat more than 8' long is being able to scarf pieces to required length. The scarf joint is made by tapering the ends to be joined, thereby exposing wood fiber along their stronger orientation. The normal cut is a 1:8 to 1:12 ratio of thickness to length of the joint. In solid wood the joint strength will come close to that of a continuous piece.

In plywood underlayment I taper 1" back for the 5.2mm thickness which is a ratio of 1:5. This works where panels are supported by solid wood. Stacking up layers of plywood will make planing and using the belt sander easier in preparing the tapered ends. Expose a goodly band of the top and bottom layer. Strength depends on having a continuous wood fiber layer on both surfaces.

### Building the Hull

The single unit design of Sailor Girl compresses much of the time needed to form the basic hull shape, greatly easing construction. It eliminates making a strong-back or building a frame on which to lay the planks and other parts to achieve the bends of the hull.

The side panels were originally glued up flat on the bench to save time in scarfing and attaching the edge trim. But these pre-assembled panels were too stiff for each assembly. The solution was to combine all the side panel construction and attachment to stem and transom in a single three-hour session of epoxy "open time." A single spreader holds the boat shape in the center until the bottom and seats are in place.

Looking at these photographs of Sailor Girl being made may leave you wondering where you can locate so many C-clamps. There is a simple alternative that can replace most of them. I call them my 5¢ PVC clamps. Take a length of 2" PVC Schedule 40 pipe and cut it into 1" segments. Then slit one side on your band saw. They will open enough for clamping the gunwale assembly as long as you use a C-clamp at strategic points to prevent slipping.

### Making the Sail

The sail is the last major part of the boat and it, too, can be done at home with good results. I had a prototype sail made by a professional sailmaker. It is a good design and



With the bottom ply cut to shape and the chine logs planed flat, Lars and Hott hold the boat while Merlin trims the stem so that the bottom can go together.



Sarge and I begin the inside work with fitting the small deck block. Together with the inside gunwale and transom knees, this will contribute stiffness to the hull.

The bottom fin, called a skeg, will help the boat track well underway. Sarge uses the thickened epoxy to fillet the joint for strength. The flat board going stem to stern is important both for protection from grounding and to support the plywood bottom.



well made. But I wanted to include making the sail in the boat event and give participants the satisfaction of doing their own and saving some money.

Just as plywood sheets and epoxy glue make the hull possible, so do wide widths of Tyvek cloth and seam tape make sailmaking possible. The Tyvek used here is made for cloth applications such as hazardous materials handling suits and not the building material product that has a hard stiff surface.

Tyvek comes in a roll 10' wide which makes for a seamless sail. The edges are folded over and secured with double-faced seam tape used for basting. The corners are

stitched to reinforce the bolt rope worked into the hem.

Boat building in your shop has come a long way since "Building an Orange Crate Canoe." However, the joy of fashioning a craft with your own hands still resonates the same responsive chord in the hearts of craftsmen. I hope you soon can experience this joy for yourself.

(John Wilson learned to sail growing up in the Finger Lakes region of New York. At age nine his first boat was a used 12' Moth that needed work. He raced a Snipe as a teenager and taught boat building at Lansing

Community College for 15 years. Currently he operates The Home Shop in Charlotte, Michigan, where he teaches classes and sells Shaker box supplies).

### Resources

The Home Shop, 406 E. Broadway, Charlotte, MI 48813, (517)543-5325 (9am to 5pm EST), shakerovalbox.com

West System Epoxy, West System Inc., (989) 684-7286, westsystem.com

Marine Hardware, Jamestown Distributors, (800) 423-0030, jamestowndistributors.com



The seats rest on blocks epoxied to the hull. My assistant, Tom Jarosch (left), and Merlin clamp the blocks with waxed paper between them to the seat. Using the seat this way ensures that everything will fit when the epoxy dries.



An important aspect of the set of the sail is the location of the mast and the angle at which the mast is held in the step. Here a simple jig is used to locate the mast step under the cross piece with the hole called the mast partner.



The sail is made from Tyvek in a cloth finish rather than the stiffer building wrap used in home construction. The cloth comes 10' wide, thus avoiding the need for any center seams. From left to right, my partner, Eric Pintar, I, and Lars use seam tape to add reinforcements into the corners.

Pintar and I hem the sail all around using seam tape. A bolt rope and grommets will add strength to the hem. The corners can be stitched by hand or by a sewing machine.



Merlin makes his boat ready for sail by attaching cord for lacing the sail to the mast. All the parts have come together for a boat, which now has oarlocks at two stations for rowing singly as well as with a passenger.

Four boats in less than a week! Here the participants in the class, Sarge, Eisenlord, Merlin, and Hott line up before The Home Shop in the late afternoon sunshine.





Well, the paint job on the new (1991) Nelson Silva Simmons Sea Skiff came off pretty well in all its Glidden Tempting Teal house paint glory. I had to work pretty steadily on it as I was expecting my brother Mike and his girlfriend Marie-Jeanne to visit over the New Year's weekend and wanted to show off the new boat (and Florida weather) to them.

We had had the boat out the weekend before Christmas and were delighted with its performance. It's just amazing what 50hp does for that 20' boat, and on very little gas. We clocked 50 miles on the GPS at about 20kts and burned about eight gallons of gas, if memory serves. I can't be bothered to keep records too much. In our old Clorox-bottle fiberglass 14-footer we couldn't have endured that long a run, but the center-console Simmons allows for plenty of variety between sitting and standing and keeps the body from getting sore and cramped up. Our cruising range just got doubled.

So it was difficult to lay it up long enough to pull off all the deck hardware and rubrails and prep and paint, but it had to be done right away as the top ply of the plywood foredeck and side decks was starting to crack and curl in a few spots. The weather forecast, though, was for rain throughout the week so there was going to need to be some shelter. A big blue tarp and a lot of rope did the trick, and besides, the rain turned out to be not so heavy and there was plenty of intermittent sunshine to get it done.

Now that it is done, it is a damn good-looking job from 6' away, just like a house would be. If you get right up on it you can see roller marks and such, but that doesn't bother me too much. The wood is covered and we were ready to go out again by the next weekend. As I write I've already chipped the finish a bit here and there and it's already fixed. No muss, no fuss.

I couldn't resist a few modifications while I was at it and that kept me busy in spare moments for the week between Christmas and New Year's. The boat came with a big 12-gallon plastic tank chocked way up in the bow plus a pair of 6-gallon metal OE tanks in crescent-shaped chocks on either side just a bit forward of the center console. I was told that the boat likes to have weight in the bow so I wasn't too sure about moving those tanks aft to either side of the motor well. But I was sure that they were taking up prime real estate where they were and I have seen lots of pictures of Simmons boats with stern seats on either side of the well and the tanks hidden away underneath, so I relocated the chocks and put the tanks back there.

That was a good time to think about the fuel plumbing, too. I do hate to plug and unplug fuel lines while underway as the tanks run dry. I always seem to spill some gas on my hands. So I picked up a bronze three-way fuel valve and mounted it back on the motor well, too, and now there is no more drama to the switching of tanks.

I made up some little wedge-shaped mounting pads for the gunwale to mount the Bimini top from the now-defunct Diablo skiff. I got started on making a mast for the stern running light. It's one of my pet peeves that little short all-around lights wreck the helmsman's night vision and good tall ones are hard to find. I had a 48" one on the Diablo that plugged into a socket where two contacts provided the power, but it was always growing green corrosion, and besides that it required a fairly large hole in the boat

## Workboat Finish Part 2

By Preston Larus

to mount flush. Also, to drive the Simmons standing up will require a tall light indeed. I have in mind a wooden mast that will hold a light fixture at above head height and pivot down along the gunwale during daylight, but I was not able to get this done in time for my brother's visit and will have to come back to it after the holidays. If it comes off well I'll send pictures and an article to *MAIB*. If not, I'll see if I can bear to write about the mistakes and the (damned) learning experience.

The plan is to add bench seats forward with an insert that will make up into a vee-berth in a pinch. With a dodger and side curtains the Simmons can become a little camper for weekend trips, but that project will have to wait a bit for more funds and free time. For now we bought two folding camp chairs for our guests to sit on forward of the console in the space freed up when the gas tanks moved aft.

So with a few more odds and ends taken care of I decided it was good enough for a family outing and fueled up, all 24 gallons, and we set off for the day. With all that gas and two extra passengers we weren't sure how she would perform but there is only one way to find out, so we trailered down to Englewood, launched, and enjoyed a picnic lunch at Stump Pass. Between the car ride and the boat ride it's kind of a long way from home, but the water quality down in south county is so superior that you can almost imagine you're in the Caribbean (sometimes).

The Simmons did just fine. It really does cut the chop a lot better if the forefoot is kept in the water so I was glad to be able to draw off the stern tanks and let the 12 gallons forward be our last reserve. We'll be running with just the two of us most of the time so further experimentation will be needed (oh, damn).

We will need some spray rails as it will throw up a blanket of water from time to time and wet the crew (but not the captain, who always sees it coming and ducks nimbly behind them in the nick of time). Alex Slaunwhite of the Simmons club tells me that W. Simmons put spray rails on some of his boats, and so did Nelson Silva, and that they were reported to be effective. I'd love to hear from any Simmons owners who have retrofitted their boats to hear how they worked out.

It also seems to me that Robb White covered spray rails in one of his *MAIB* articles but I have not yet been able to locate it. I think it was buried within a piece about innovations to his Rescue Minor, or was it the Sport Boat?

Not that this has anything to do with boats but it sure has to do with messing, and that is a digression about overfilling an automatic transmission. I won't go into all the detail but as my brother and his girlfriend were departing New Year's Day for Virginia, we managed to misread the dipstick and overfill the transmission by a fair amount. This can cause pressure build up that will blow seals, we are told, so we had to figure a way to get the extra fluid out.

I figured we could loosen the flare nut where the cooling lines go into the radiator and then run the engine to leak a good bit into a drain pan. No luck, the lines were attached with rubber hoses and damnable OE


hose clamps that would probably not come off even if there was room to get to them and apply enough leverage. I could just see us breaking the hose nipple right off that Subaru radiator in the effort, bad idea. A little drill operated oil change pump would have been good, but with just outboards in my family at the moment I have no need for one of those. Unlike most modern manufactured-on-the-cheap cars, this one did have a drain plug but getting under the thing without ramps was no job for a couple of middle-aged guys.

We finally settled on using the shop vacuum to suck the fluid out of the dipstick hole. In my junk drawer I did have a bit of hose that would slip into the fill tube, but we didn't want to ruin the vacuum with a transmission fluid bath. We needed an intermediate vessel to catch the fluid (like you see down at the hospital or the morgue) so we hooked up a plastic milk jug, one tube coming from the oil pan via the dipstick tube and leading into the jug through a tight fitting hole poked into the top of the jug near the handle and put the vacuum hose to the threaded screw hole.

The theory was good but the physics were lacking. It sucked the jug almost flat! We needed a more rigid vessel to stand up to the atmospheric pressure on the outside of the jug and we didn't have one at hand. Well, there were a few in the kitchen but those are Off Limits to messers such as we. We did find that the jug, even (mostly) flat, would hold a half-cup or so of fluid, so we just emptied it about eight times to a total of two quarts. On the road again.

Our wives sympathized with all we had to do, and on a holiday at that, but the truth is we had a great time working it out. I guess it would take a messer to understand.

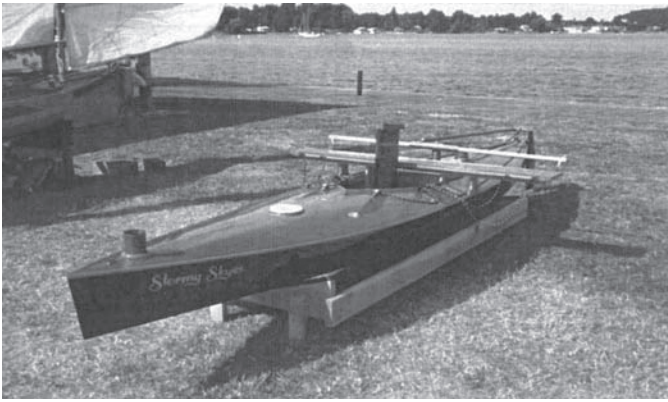
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Hull #1, the plywood 16-30, at the Antique Boat Show at Clayton in August 2006. This hull was built by Dan Sutherland as a conventional sheet plywood hull with bulkheads, chine logs, and sheer clamps. The boat is sailing with the 90sf rig from Dan's traditional 16-30.

Some time ago boat builder Dave Kandler built a 16-30 decked canoe at the Antique Boat Museum (ABM) in Clayton, New York. Traditionally constructed of batten-seam white cedar planking on steam-bent oak frames, the boat carries 90sf of sail on two hollow, tapered spruce masts. It is a faithful replica of Ralph Britton's famous 16-30 *Tomahawk* built by the Gilbert Boat Company in Brockville, Ontario. Since the boat was launched she has been a fixture of the Museum's livery fleet. At the annual Antique Boat Show she's usually out on the water along with other 16-30s, including Dan Sutherland's *Cattawampus*, Scott LaVertue's *Apache*, and sailmaker Douglas Fowler's beautifully restored *Oske-Wow-Wow*.

In the last several years the Museum has done a fair bit of missionary work with the boat and sent a number of people out for unforgettable rides. Often, after the first couple of dunkings they come back wanting more and wanting to know where they can get a 16-30 of their own. Until now their only option has been to find an antique boat and restore it or build a new one. This latter is a

## 16-30 Class Revived At Antique Boat Museum

Reprinted from *The Canoe Sailor*

complicated proposition, requiring either a fair degree of boat building skill or a fair degree of check writing ability to commission a boat from a professional builder.

Enter ABM Chief Curator John Summers. In 1991, when he was Curator of the old Marine Museum in Toronto, Ontario, Summers had collected a hard-chine 16-30 believed to be one of a number of boats built by the Gilbert Boat Company for the Gananoque Canoe Club in the early 20th century. Filled with good intentions, but chronically short of time, he wasn't able to measure and document the boat until the fall of 2004, long after he had left that museum. From measurements, photographs, and field notes, he lofted the boat full size and brought

all of the information back to Clayton. Although the boat could be traditionally built with wide planks of white cedar, Summers is on a quest to make this exciting boat available to a wider audience.

Working with the boat's original hard-chine hull, he has redrawn it for contemporary stitch-and-glue construction. Boat builder Dan Sutherland of Sutherland Boat & Coach in Hammondsport, New York, aided by his apprentice Nick Watts, took on the challenge of finding the mistakes in Summers' drawings by constructing hull #1. He brought the boat to the 42nd Annual Antique Boat Show last August and, as you can see from these photos, she looked great and performed very well.

Over the winter Summers will build hull #2 at the Museum and make some final corrections to the plans. In the spring of 2007 Sutherland and Summers will lead a workshop for those who would like to build their own and building plans (and sailing instructions!) will be available from the Museum by the summer.

## Are You Moving?

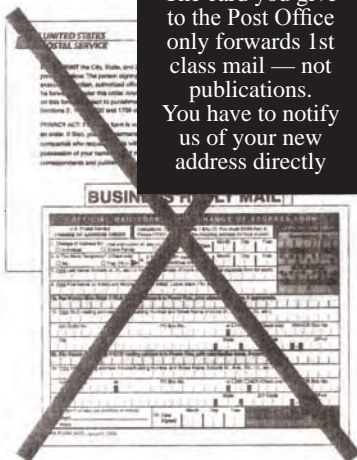
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As the saying goes, "experience starts when you begin," so why not get a start on that project you've always wanted to do. We're always developing new boat building and restoration classes at the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, New York.

### Build A Sailing Canoe

For less than the cost of a new Sunfish you can build and sail the original personal watercraft, a 16-30 decked sailing canoe. Based on a historic design from the early 20th century, this new boat is light, strong, and a whole lot of fun to sail.

Join the Museum for this one-week workshop and get in on the ground floor of an exciting new class. You will enjoy seven days of expert instruction where we will help you build your own boat step-by-step. After the workshop you take it home for paint and varnish and then you are ready to sail. The price also includes free canoe sailing lessons at the Museum, special recognition, and a regatta at the 2007 Antique Boat Show.

The first workshop, which will run from March 24 to March 30 at the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, New York, is nearly full. Please email Education Program Coordinator Lora Nadolski, [Nadolski@abm.org](mailto:Nadolski@abm.org) as soon as possible to register. A deposit of \$1,750 is due upon registration.

Dates: March 24-30. Course Length: seven days. Tuition: \$3,500 per boat.



### Cedar/Canvas Canoe Restoration

Come learn how to restore your canoe! Whether it's an old family heirloom, or you found it lying alongside the road, or you bought it on eBay late one night, most cedar/canvas canoes can be restored to their former glory. During this five-day workshop students will participate in the restoration of two Old Town canoes provided by the Museum.

## Come Learn With Us

Antique Boat Museum Courses 2007

The class will begin with a brief discussion of the history of wooden canoes. Then we'll look at how to identify a canoe's builder and where to find materials, supplies, and information to assist with restoration. Students will then explore most of the common repair issues they will encounter while restoring their own canoes, including stock preparation, steam bending, and canvassing. Students will gain hands-on experience with unique tools and techniques used for wooden canoe construction and restoration and an invaluable head start on their own projects.

Though you can't actually restore your own canoe during the class, you're invited to bring it along for some expert advice and a survey of what repairs are needed. Please email Education Program Coordinator Lora Nadolski, [Nadolski@abm.org](mailto:Nadolski@abm.org) as soon as possible to register.

Dates: June, exact dates TBA. Course Length: five days. Tuition: TBA.



### Family Boat Building

Imagine rowing a boat you built yourself! Want something fun and creative to do with your family or friends? Participate in Family Boat Building. Over the course of a week you and your group (whoever it may be, from children to grandparents, church groups, or Scout packs) will learn the basics of boat building while constructing your own boat to take home. We use a kit for the "Cottage Skiff," a classic 11'6" flat bottomed design. This sturdy skiff is a perfect starter boat for people looking to learn how to build and is also an ideal craft for exploring creeks, shorelines, and getting younger boaters on the water.

The Antique Boat Museum provides everything needed for the course including expert advice and hands-on help every step of the way. By the end of the course you and your family will launch and row your completed skiff.

Dates: July 2008\*. Course Length: five days. Tuition: \$950 per boat.

\*Have a group that wants to build before 2008? Contact us to set up a program for your business, retirement, youth, or church group.



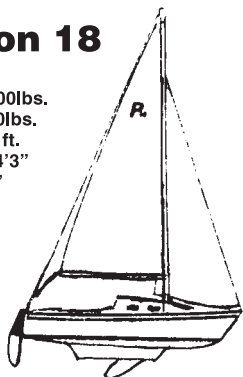
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Karl Stambaugh designed this skiff "specifically for rowing without compromise to sail or power," as he says in his book, *Good Skiffs*. I was looking for a good rowboat to use at our summer place on Drummond Island, Michigan, a boat that could easily be built over the course of the summer with plenty of interruptions. Rowing is great exercise and provides a way to get on the water when there is not enough wind for sailing. In the North Channel of Lake Huron, where Drummond Island is located, that usually means in the early morning or late evening or during the very occasional quiet day.

The Light Skiff is built by the stitch and glue method, something I have never done but was eager to try. With a fairly wide flat bottom this boat looked like it would be stable enough to stand in with care. I was thinking I could use the boat to row out to the sailboat's mooring so I wanted something I could stand up in to climb into the sailboat. Also, my wife doesn't like tippy boats. At 15' long this boat should move along nicely under oars once underway.

Construction was pretty straightforward. First I joined the plywood sheets end to end with the Payson method which uses fiberglass cloth to reinforce the butt joints. Next I drew the shape of the sides and bottom according to the plan and cut those pieces out. Then I built the cross members, one of which is a temporary support removed later. A friend and fellow boat builder came over to help me with the stitching process. First we fastened the cross members to the bottom, then the two sides together at the bow, and then the sides to the bottom and transom. The stitching, with stainless wire, took only a couple of hours. The resulting "boat" was floppy but looked like a boat instead of a pile of plywood.

## Another Chesapeake Light Skiff Launched

By George Fulk  
(gmfulk2002@yahoo.com)



My brother Tom, who has built several stitch and glue boats, gave me some good suggestions about the taping and gluing process. One was to tip one side of the boat up so it sat on the opposite chine. When that chine was taped and glued the epoxy glue stayed in place in the seam instead of running down the side or bottom of the boat. Wait until that side sets up before tipping the boat to the opposite side to tape the other chine. It seemed to me that this was a rather slow way

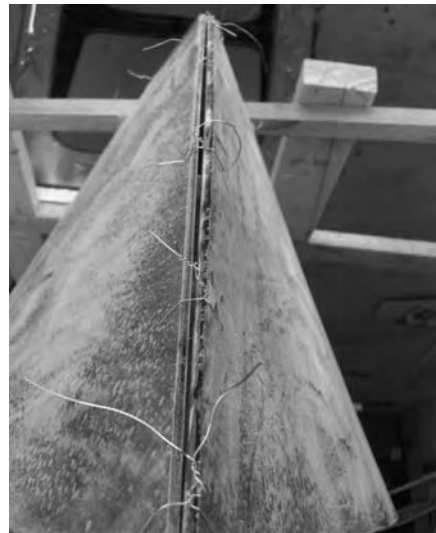
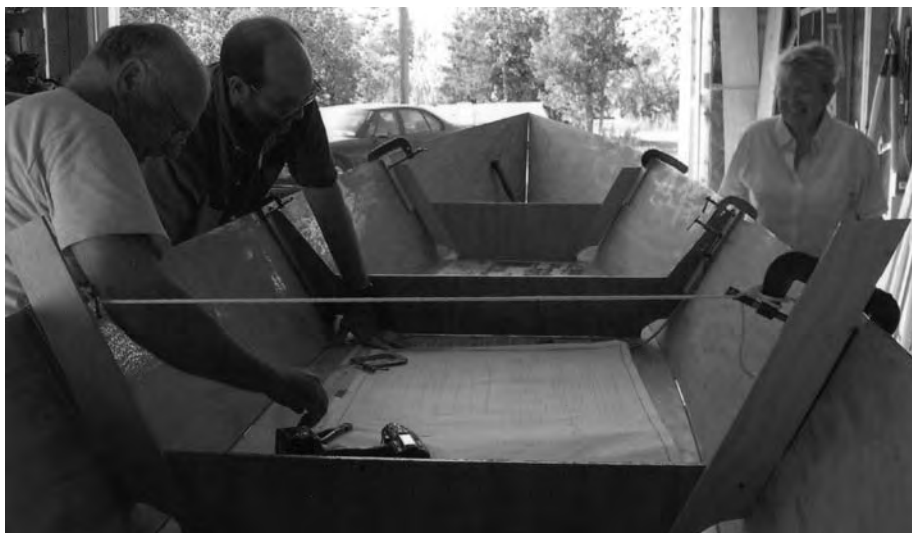
to build a boat, always waiting for the glue to dry before gluing the next step.

We had a lot of company that summer so I would just get up early and work for a hour on the boat before breakfast, then spend the rest of the day with our visitors. With each layer of tape the boat got stronger and stronger.

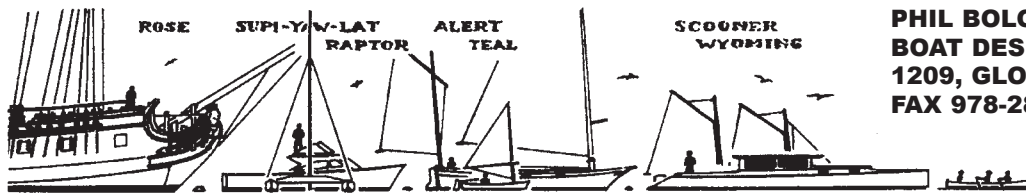
I wanted the boat to be as maintenance-free as possible so I put fiberglass cloth over the bottom (two layers), sides, and floor. I used 3.25oz cloth sold by Raka. It has a herringbone type weave and is very strong for its weight. I doesn't take much resin to wet this cloth which helps to keep the boat light. I am not bragging about how light my boat is though. When completed it weighed in at just under 100lbs. I used okoume plywood and white pine for frames and gunwales. I was hoping it would be about 80lbs. I finished the boat with Brightside paint which is easy to apply with a brush and looks good.

I intended to build some nice 8' oars for this boat but summer had only a week left to it when the paint dried. I wanted to get some rowing in so I used some quick and dirty oars I had made for another boat. These have blades of 1/4 okoume ply fitted into slots cut in the Ponderosa Pine looms. They worked well but did not look very sharp. A foot brace, which rests up against the seat in the stern, really helps in rowing.

I rowed this boat at least one hour every day for the seven days left of the summer. It was great fun. Based on a distance measured on a chart I could make 3.5mph without too much trouble, even into a little wind. The boat tracks very well, too, as it has a small skeg. My biggest thrill was catching a 5lb small mouth bass as I trolled along the shore. I hope to have many happy hours in this boat next summer.







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We've written about Spartina a couple of times before but we can't resist showing this picture of a nicely-done rendering of the design by Australian Byron Bennett, who built her and sails her on the coast of Queensland, Barrier Reef country.

He writes, "I have finally finished Spartina after two-and-a-half years of working in my spare time. It was my first build from scratch although I had done some work on another boat many years ago. It provided quite a few challenges but nothing that couldn't be worked out in the thinking chair in the shed." (Spartina's plans were drawn for an experienced builder, no How-To-Do-It included. We recommend Iain Oughtred's *Clinker Plywood Boat Building Manual*, available from *WoodenBoat*.)

Continuing Byron's letter, "I love her shape and she draws admiring looks and comments wherever I take her. She sails nicely and on a beam to close reach is well balanced so that I can tie off the tiller and control her just with the main sheet. The mostly choppy seas here don't allow that on other points of sail although I haven't taken her out in less than about 12kts of breeze, with most of my sailing done in 12kts to 18kts. She flies downwind in a good breeze and surfs well but attention must be given to the tiller in those conditions."

He goes on to discuss possibilities of improving her windward performance. In the photo, sailing reefed with some whitecaps showing, the balanced club jib is bending the unstayed mast and consequently the jib is sagging. This is a weakness of this otherwise

## Bolger on Design

### Spartina Update

Design #594  
 Clinker Plywood Daysailer  
 15'4" x 7'0" x 143sf

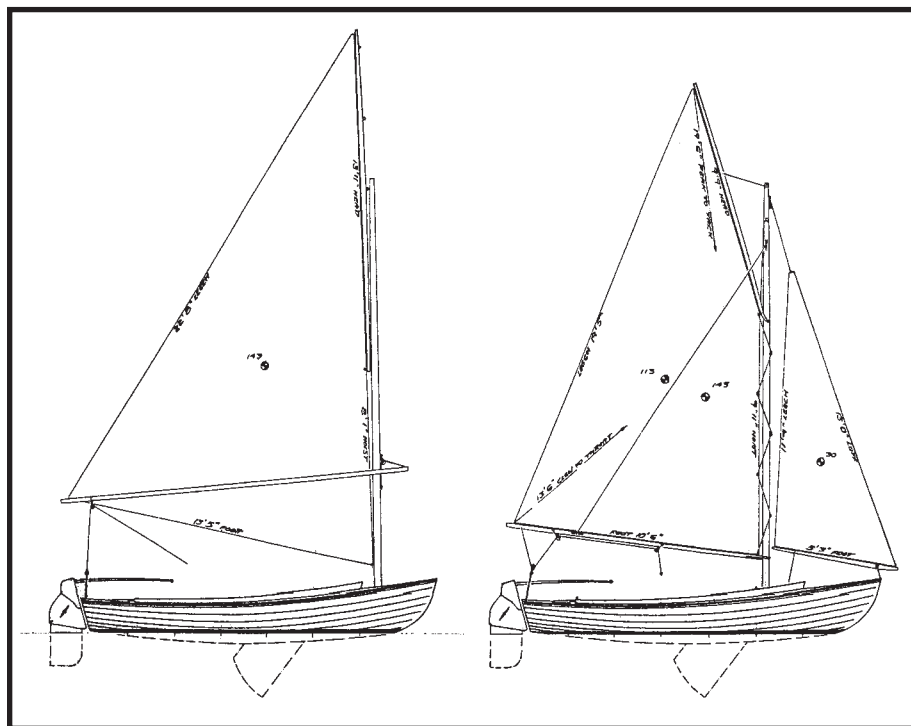
handy rig, one reason the plans offer the option of a cat rig. When the wind gets up to a certain strength, varying according to how stiff the mast is, the jib will bend the mast forward and the jib will sag, develop too much fullness, and pull the boat to leeward. Running backstays help some but the simplest cure is to take in the jib and shakeout the reef in the main. If that leaves her with too much sail, have an intermediate reef added to the mainsail. If she then shows too heavy a helm, try raising the centerboard a little in strong weather.

In speaking of weather helm, it's a term often used ambiguously. Susanne got on to me about this several years ago. We came to agree that, ideally, the tiller should work right on centerline. If it's appreciably across the boat it is creating high drag. I used to sail a catboat which needed 20° or so of tiller angle on a beam reach in strong wind and she did not go very fast under those circumstances. But there should be substantial pressure on the tiller, it ought to spring to leeward when released because, first, it's desirable for the boat to luff automatically when overpowered or the tiller

is released for some other reason. Second, if there's no pressure on the tiller the rudder is not contributing anything to the boat's lateral plane requirements, while its surface friction is holding her back more or less.

Spartina was not designed for maximum speed. What was aimed at was quick and precise maneuvering and good manners over a wide range of angles of heel so she can be sailed in relaxed fashion without having to hike in and out as the wind strength varies. The quarters of her stern are well lifted, and her above-water lines forward have plenty of buoyancy. She does not raise her stern and dig her bow down as she heels. On the other hand, she's wide enough to float her weight on a very shallow hull draft. She doesn't make deep waves when driven and, as Byron notes, can go quite fast off the wind.

Plans of Spartina, our Design #594, are available for \$100 to build one boat, sent priority of air mail, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



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About three years ago my wife and I decided that what we needed was a small, plain, low maintenance boat that would fit in the garage and be easy to use with minimal tinkering to distract us from, well, jobs. We came to this conclusion after the sting faded from selling our larger, classic-looking, high maintenance boat at a substantial loss. Memory is selective.

I had heard great things about the ride quality of the Scout hull design, so when a 1991 14-footer appeared in the classifieds we went to see it. Well, it was about as sexy as a Croc (those trendy plastic shoes) but we were going for function over form this time. The 30-horse Yamaha two-stroke was clean as a whistle and the whole rig was in great shape for its age. We had all but consummated the sale except for the test ride.

There was a problem. When throttle was applied to accelerate, it would bog down and would not quite get up on plane. If we shifted our weight far enough forward it would finally get over the hump and take off. The seller suggested this was normal, and if I was in my 80s like he was I might have agreed, but I knew that a 30hp outboard should not be that anemic in terms of low end torque. I bought it anyway with the confidence (or hubris) that though this was not right, it could be fixed and we really wanted that model of Scout and they are kind of scarce.

Despite his claim that this was normal, after the sale was complete the seller produced his notes regarding the very same problem. It seems that a few years back he let the boat sit a long time and the gas went sour and gummed up the carb. He had it professionally rebuilt at the Yamaha dealership but it was never right after that despite several visits back to the "Service" Department.

I had a go at it and couldn't find anything obviously wrong. After some messing around I couldn't even decide if the problem was fuel-related or ignition-related. Two mechanics had a go at it (each one going through the carburetor carefully) and \$150 later it still was the same. We all agreed by now it was fuel-related but was it getting too much? Or too little?

In searching the internet for clues I happened upon the self-appointed "Master Tech," Bill Kelly, who offers a ton of excellent resources at his site [www.maxrules.com](http://www.maxrules.com), troubleshooting tips, service manuals, parts, and what-all.

Bill's troubleshooting rules: 1. Proceed logically! 2. Believe your evidence! 3. Never assume anything, EVER! 4. Check EVERYTHING, you could have multiple faults!

And if all that doesn't help, you can pay \$20, send an email describing the problem, and Bill himself will call you (from Hawaii at that time) and steer you toward a solution. Desperation eventually overcame skepticism, and besides I had already spent considerably more on the local talent to NOT fix it so far. I paid my money and took my chances.

The Master Tech earned his \$20 and my respect. His troubleshooting technique was elemental and brilliant and proved to be the key to the mystery. He suggested this:

Test 1: Remove the engine hood and the air cleaner housing. Accelerate as normal and while it's laboring to get on top of the water, direct propane into the carb throat from an UNLIT propane torch and see if the engine speeds up and takes off. That addition of combustible fuel solving the problem for a

## The Joy of Trouble

By Preston Larus

few moments would indicate fuel starvation was the problem.

Test 2: If Test 1 yields no clues, again accelerate as normal and unplug the fuel line from the engine. If, as the carburetor runs dry (and the fuel mixture leans out just before the engine quits), you get a burst of power and rpms, that would indicate that the problem is too much fuel.

Test 1 produced no change. Test 2 made it run like the devil for a second or two. Who'da thunk it? Too much fuel! But what to do about it? How to isolate the cause of the trouble?

I called Mechanic #1 (who had already had a go at it) and updated him on the Master Tech's analysis. Coincidentally he had another 30hp Yamaha in his shop at that time and agreed to use it as a diagnostic benchmarking tool, meaning he swiped the carb off of it for a few hours, met me down at the boat ramp, and put it on my engine. My boat ran perfectly for the first time since I'd owned it (several weeks by now), smooth, powerful, quick to plane.

Next he removed the other customer's carb, removed its main fuel jet, put that in my carb, and put my carb back on my engine. Again perfect performance. He put the other customer's fuel jet back in his carb and put it aside so he could restore the customer's engine to pre-diagnostic condition back at the shop.

Next he returned to my carburetor. A main jet is nothing more than a finely machined brass ferrule a little larger than a pea (careful, butterfingers) which threads into the main body of the carburetor. It has a precisely sized opening in the center (measured in thousandths of an inch) which admits just the right quantity of gasoline into the air stream as the engine sucks it in. Somehow my main jet was too large, even though the markings indicating the jet size were identical to those of the other carb.

I was a car mechanic in the early '80s when there were plenty of carburetors still around on the MGs and Fiats I worked on and the essentials of a carburetor overhaul were to completely disassemble the carb, put the carburetor body and all metal parts into a basket, and lower the basket into a bucket of carburetor cleaner where it would sit overnight. Next day, pull it out the basket, rinse the parts with water, and then use compressed air to blow out all the passages in the carburetor body and dry all the parts. Then reassemble the carburetor just so using new gaskets and other parts that might be supplied in the rebuild kit and following the instructions very carefully.

If this sounds like a pain, consider that it was way better than purchasing a replacement carburetor. You could get a complete overhaul kit for 20 bucks when a replacement carburetor could run hundreds. Nowadays carburetors are so complicated they don't even bother to sell the kits and prices of new ones can run over \$500.

Which, by the way, gasoline ain't what it used to be either. When I was a kid in the '60s and early '70s our outboards would sit all winter while we were in school and fire right up the first day of summer and run right until the end of vacation, gumming up wasn't a problem and no one seemed to need fuel sta-

bilizer. Now I'm afraid the gas might gum up in a month or two, so after I flush the engine with fresh water I unplug the fuel line to let the carb run dry before putting the boat up. Never know if I'll be back in a few days or, if work gets busy, it might be a few months and I don't want to have to overhaul the carb. Now that I think about it, we never flushed the salt water out of our engines in the old days either and they never seemed to suffer.

Anyway, the carburetor cleaner dip was essential to the rebuild process since foreign objects like dirt and gummed-up gasoline are the primary causes of most carburetor trouble in the first place. The secondary cause is usually the failure of the non-metal parts like gaskets, seals, and rubber diaphragms and such which come in the kit and get replaced routinely anyhow, and the tertiary cause is usually corrosion of the pot-metal carburetor body caused by moisture in the fuel. This last malady usually didn't stay fixed for long after the rebuild as the corrosion continued to flake off over time and plug up vital passages. The carburetor cleaner is a mild acid, but not so mild if it gets on your skin as I found out once when I dropped a small part into the barrel and fished it out with my unprotected hand. No harm done but it hurt and I had an angry rash for a few days right up to the high water mark near my elbow.

But back to the mystery at hand. It seems that the Yamaha service literature says not to soak Yamaha carburetor bodies in the stuff, something about a special coating on the metal that will be removed by the acid bath. So we theorized that the original Yamaha technician at the dealership, facing a gummed-up carb and no other way to get the deposits out of the main jet, had elected to use some sort of tool to clean the main jet, and in doing so actually reamed it out to a larger size.

The mystery was solved but I still had a carburetor in need of a replacement jet. The dealer informed me that though it was only a \$5 item there did not seem to be a main jet in this country and that getting one in from Japan could take six weeks, a long time to be without a boat. I got on the internet, found a used carburetor, and had it in my hand two days later. I swiped the jet out of it and have had a great-running engine ever since.

I forgot to cancel the jet order so six weeks later the jet and float bowl gasket arrived and I still have them, just in case... just in case of what, I'm not sure. Maybe I can sell them to a Yamaha technician.

This would be a good place to end this article but while we're on the subject of puzzlers (puzzlers as they say on "Car Talk"), this boat presented us another goody a year or so later. I had bought a spare fuel tank from the local chain marine store, Tempo, three gallons, plastic, \$18, and with that engine, good for a few hours of running time. A bargain at twice the price.

That weekend, we trailered the boat about 90 minutes south to Pine Island, Florida, which sits at the southern end of Charlotte Harbor. This is a little south of famous Boca Grande Inlet, tarpon fishing capitol of the world (in season the overpowered, overloaded fishing boats are gunwale-to-gunwale out there, dangerous business). A little south, almost to Fort Myers, are Sanibel and Captiva Islands, tourist destinations for well-to-do people from all over.

Our destination was Cabbage Key on the Intracoastal Waterway where there is a bar,



restaurant, and inn accessible only by boat. You may have heard of this as the place that is wallpapered in dollar bills on which customers are encouraged to write witty (sometimes not-so-witty) things and then stick on the wall. I think they said there were 40,000 dollars on the wall, but who's counting?

Having visited for meals a few times before (good food, too) we had decided to splurge on a weekend getaway and spend a night there, just for the yo-ho-ho of it. So we launched the boat, locked the car, and headed out the narrow, rock-lined cut leading from the town (well, post office, sort of) of Pineland. We crossed to Cabbage Key, checked in, had a nice dinner, and got back in the boat for the sunset and a twilight cruise before bedtime.

I switched over to the new tank long before tank #1 went dry so as to have a prudent reserve in case I (imprudently) got distracted and allowed tank #2 to run out. We idled around for awhile, but when we went to accelerate the engine starved (I guessed) and died.

We switched back to the old tank, pumped up the primer bulb, and ran without trouble. Switched to the new (brand new) tank and again could not keep the engine running above idle. The primer bulb felt funny... didn't firm up quite like it did when hooked to the other tank. Hmmm. It was too dark for trou-

bleshooting by now and we were sitting ducks to get run down by a speeding Sea Ray out there in the Intracoastal Waterway, so we limped back to the inn to sleep on the problem.

The next day my wife wanted to give up and go back early but I figured it was worth a little troubleshoooting to maybe save the day from the mechanical gremlins.

Now we could have had a bad fuel pump diaphragm or something else not readily available on a Sunday in Pineland, Florida, but I figured we'd start with the basics. I disconnected the engine end of the fuel line, removed the disconnect end (never go boating without at least a few tools) from the hose so the check valve wouldn't interfere with my investigation, and watched the gas flow (into the filler of the tank, not into the bilge) as I squeezed the bulb. The flow was weak and it seemed there were a lot of air bubbles in the gas. Curious.

We disconnected the tank end of the hose from the new (brand new) fuel tank and hooked it to the old tank, squeezed the bulb... strong, bubble-free spurt with every squeeze of the primer bulb. Hmmm.

Nothing to do but see if there was something funny about that new (brand new) tank. The fuel line fitting threaded into the top of the tank so I unscrewed it and it came out with the fuel pickup attached. So far so good.

The fuel pickup was nothing more than a length of hard, translucent plastic tubing long enough to reach about a half-inch from the bottom of the tank. It was attached to the nipple on the underside of the fuel line fitting by a force fit. In this case, the fit was a bit too forced as the pickup tube was neatly split where it fit onto the nipple and this prevented the suction of the primer bulb from picking up enough gas. I robbed the fitting from the old tank and put it on the new tank and off we went for a lovely day of messing about, made all the sweeter by my masterful (and modest) problemsolving.

You know, troubleshoooting is gratifying when you win, frustrating when you lose. My wife has seen enough of the latter that you really can't blame her for wanting to give up and go home. It can get ugly. As I tell my teenager, hell, I wasn't born this smart, I've screwed up so much over the years it was inevitable that I eventually learn something. This day, though, I was the Smartest Man Alive. Ask my wife.

The following Monday the guy at the marine store apologetically exchanged the new (brand new) tank for a replacement. Wise Master Tech say: Assume NOTHING... so I checked the fuel pickup in the new (brand new) tank right there before leaving the store.

Go thou and do likewise.

I am a believer in Darwin's Theory of Evolution. It holds, in part, that the less suited individuals of a species die off early and do not pass on their genetic deficiencies to future generations.

Also, I think that adult boaters should have a choice about wearing personal flotation devices without government interference.

In 1947 I was 12 years old and the owner of a 13' catboat. This was my second experience in boat ownership. I had paid for it with money I earned and had rebuilt it by doing wood repairs, recanvassing the hull, and painting. My parents encouraged my boating interests. Since then I've had a long lifetime of boating enjoyment. I've built about 50 boats, although when I tried to list them one day about a year ago I could only put down 42. Later during the year I added to the list as I remembered more of them. I have no idea how many boats I have repaired but it kept me gainfully employed for a few years so I guess there were quite a few. I currently build one to three boats each year and have a special interest in making the world's best fishing boats for serious fly anglers who pursue trout in small lakes.

One of the parental conditions of my catboat use in 1947 was some time spent in a small boat with my father. I was taught to recognize the times when wearing a life preserver was a smart thing to do. There was no absolute requirement that everyone in the boat wear a life preserver at all times.

My friend Henry Myers and I started the sailing season in April 1947 about three days after ice out on a very large lake where I had made arrangements to dock the boat. About two miles offshore we were overwhelmed by strong winds and the boat went over into the icy water. We were seen by a man who had been watching us with a spotting scope from his house on a hill overlooking the lake. He called the Coast Guard and gave them my name and last known location.

The station was about seven miles away. It was around a dogleg in the channel

## Boating and Darwin's Theory of Evolution

By Tom Fulk



Sailing with my sister Mary on Ginman Bay in the old catboat, 1948.

and behind a big hill so we could not be seen from the station tower. The Coast Guardsmen were friends of my father. When they arrived the boat was on its side and we were nowhere to be seen. They were faced with the task of possibly informing two sets of parents that their sons were missing in a boating accident. The rescue boat crew radioed back to the station, said we were missing, and started a search. At this point, they knew who we were, they knew the parents, and they knew that we were missing.

When the boat went over we could not self rescue the boat or ourselves. Our condition of hypothermia became so severe that our leg muscles were inoperative in minutes. We were wearing the bulky and inconvenient cork life preservers which my parents required as standard boating equipment.

Before the Coast Guard crew reached a position where they could see us we had been rescued by a fisherman in a large flat bottomed skiff. He ducked in behind an island to get out of the chop, warmed us, and dropped

us off on the shore. We walked home and my father immediately called the station to say we were safe. The search was called off by radio. We recovered the boat from a yacht club dock the next day, one of the few times I have sailed from a yacht club.

The only question when we walked into the house dripping and half frozen was, "Were you wearing your life preservers?" After my reply "yes," there was no further discussion except about how to get the boat back. I guess that was the moment in my life when, in my parents' eyes, I moved from being a child to being a man. If I had made a bad decision that day both Henry and I would have died.

Under Darwin's Theory of Evolution I belong here since I have been tested by my environment and have earned the right to breed and perpetuate my genes so to speak. If some people want to be stupid and die off early, that's their business. It's nature's way. I'll continue to support our right to do so without any governmental agency on our backs.

On the other hand, if we want young or inexperienced boaters to live long enough to learn something about boating and to have a good and long life which contributes to our society, help them to make informed choices about wearing PFDS.

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"Come out and be the race committee boat for us this Saturday," one might be asked by a friend who races a sailboat. "You can fish off the boat while you wait and we will supply the race committee to fly the flags and take time," he continues. While sailboat racing has been compared to watching grass grow, it can be an interesting, informative, and entertaining time. And one just might find oneself more involved with the racing fleet than anticipated.

My wife and I have been a race committee (RC), on and off over the last 30 years. At one time we were the RC for MORC Station 27 and ran all their races held in Apalachee Bay. I have been a Regatta Chairman and have been the Regatta RC a couple of times. Starting six fleets in sequential order and then taking the finish positions as they come back in a mixed bag of classes can be complicated if not planned out in advance. However, the conduct of the race is the RC's problem, for the purpose of this article one is simply supplying the boat.

### The Boat

The RC boat should be large enough to hold the RC staff, have a place to fly the starting sequence flags so they can be clearly seen by the participants, and be comfortable while waiting for the boats to finish. One can be on the water for three to four hours so refreshment storage, a head, and comfortable seating are all considerations. We have used a 22' catamaran, sailboats up to 26', and various sized powerboats over the years. Most of our RC work was done in our Sisu 22 with just the two of us on board. On the other hand, we have assisted in RC work on a President 41 (complete with AC and a refrigerator).

In essence, the boat needs a reasonable amount of "work area" in terms of places to stand or sit, most RC staff is two to four people (although the number can be as high as seven to eight). Assuming the "comforts of home" are available to some extent, the RC boat needs good ground tackle to hold the boat in place once it is anchored. Our Sisu 26 carries two complete anchor sets (each set is 150' of rode, 6' of chain, and suitable anchor). Most of the time a single anchor works just fine. A couple of times I had both anchors out holding the boat on station. And one time when we had the Sisu 22, I had both anchors out and the engine engaged at idle speed to hold the boat as the others on board took the finish times (it was a bit rough toward the end of the race day).

Since most sailors are happy with winds from 10-15kts, a seakindly hull design is important. First one needs to get out to the start line. Then one needs to sit, comfortably, at anchor for a while. Finally, one needs to get back to port. Unless there is a good channel to and from the race area, the ability to move in (or out) during various tide conditions is a factor. Our Sisu 26 draws 3'. With a displacement of 7,200lbs we have to be careful to make sure that the depth of the water exceeds the draft of the boat. Hence, we have to watch the tide cycle when we are being the RC. Happily, a couple of the local competitors need 4' to float their keelboats and most races are scheduled on "good tide" days.

In summary, one is looking for a seakindly boat with a lot of room that has minimum draft. In reality, the racers take what they can get that will hold the RC committee and all make do as best they can. Of interest to me is that working boats (lobster

## From The Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

hull types) with large, open aft cockpits perform the role better than pleasure boats that are mostly cabin area with a small cockpit aft.

A couple of times we have used borrowed boats. After a couple of interesting experiences we requested the owners to come along and be with the boats for the duration. In one case, the owner took the boat out, helped get it anchored in the desired position, and then boarded another boat for the race. After the race he came back on board to take the boat to the slip.

Towards the end of one day the wind had shifted a good deal and we needed to move the RC boat to have a better finish line. The owner had taken the ignition key with him! Since this was a sailboat (but no sails onboard), we pulled the anchor and "sailed" the boat to a more favorable location using the wind and tide. On another boat the anchor bit pulled out and we ended up using another part of the boat to secure the anchor line. That boat also lost its gear control and I had to go back to the outboard motor and shift into forward to get the boat moving to go back to shore. After a few such experiences, we decided it was our boat, the owner onboard the boat, or not at all, thank you!

### The Line

Assuming one's boat is suitable (or one is considered a "soft touch"), one's part of the operation is getting the boat (and RC staff) out to the race area and then anchoring the boat in a manner that sets the start/finish line where the RC on-the-water chairman would like the boat to be located. In a perfect world the RC boat is anchored so that the line from the "pin" to the flag on the RC boat is at a right angle to the wind direction and the center of the line is directly downwind from the weather mark. In the normal world, one does the best one can with the wind, current, and sea conditions at the time. There were so many "second guessers" in the local fleet that at one point every skipper was required to be the RC chairman for a race day. They had to go out on his/her boat and set the start/finish line as well as run the race. The commentary on the race course and race operations from those participating just about ceased for a while.

To have the boat come to rest where it is wanted means knowing how one's boat sets at anchor and how much scope is needed to hold the boat in the given sea/wind conditions and have some extra length left to allow dropping back the boat to the desired location. This is not as hard as it sounds if one goes out to the "pin" end (usually a fixed mark or other established location) and heads at a right angle to the wind for the desired distance as determined by the RC chairman.

Just for your information, there are two ways to determine the optimum length of a starting line. The first is the average boat length of the boats in a fleet times the number of boats times 1.25 plus about a boat length. The other is the average beam of the boats in the fleet times the number of boats plus a boat length. Then there are the sea/wind conditions and the type of boats involved (planing boats and multi-hulls need a longer line). Who said this was a science?

Once the desired location is reached, the boat is turned into the wind and the anchor

readied to be dropped. The time of the run to set the line can be determined by eye ("that looks good") or by the speed, time, distance formula we all learned along the way. Sometimes the length of the line is determined by visibility on the water, since if one cannot see the pin the RC will not know if any boats are over early.

In one race there was a light to moderate fog just before start time. We used our LORAN to find the pin and then moved about 100' to one side with pin just visible and anchored. We could do this because the race was a "reverse handicap" operation. Usually in a sailboat race the boats race, their finish time is taken, and the positions calculated using either a time-distance or time-on-time formula with their handicap. In this case the handicap/distance calculations had been made in advance and the boats started with the slowest boat going first and the fastest boat last. In this manner, if one passed someone one was doing better than they were and if one was passed it was time to adjust the sail trim. Due to the starting sequence (one or two boats at a time) we did not need a long start line. And since the finish positions would be obvious to the racers when they came back, we did not need to stay out to record the finishes!

In theory, the pin end of the line is on the side of the race course that those racing will follow to round the weather mark (the pin is on the port side at the start, those racing will round the weather mark to port and usually the rest of the marks on the course sequentially). In some cases such is not the best possible position for the RC boat. For instance, the races in Apalachee Bay usually end in the afternoon with a setting sun. In such instances, looking into the sun is hard on the RC people. Thus we anchor the RC boat so that the RC staff has the sun behind them when trying to determine which boat is finishing and when they cross the finish line. In some cases we start the race with the pin on the proper side of the RC boat and then move the boat so the sun is behind us at the finish.

All went well. One's boat is anchored at the desired location and everything is ready for the RC people to do their thing. However, one more action is needed. That is the deploying of the "anti-barging mark" off the stern of the boat. In sailing race terms, barging is the action of heading for the starting line on a reach or broad reach rather than a close reach. The "anti-barging mark" extends the length of the RC boat and will, with luck, keep anyone from hitting it at the start. One needs to make sure that the race instructions states that the anti-barging mark is part of the RC boat. Otherwise it is just an obstruction to those racing (there is a difference).

Note that the boat might still be hit, slightly, during a start (or finish). If such appears likely to happen, simply have everyone hold on and wait it out. You are not going to stop/redirect a couple of thousand pounds of sailboat moving at 3-5kts by hand. Too many people get seriously injured "protecting" the boat from a collision. It is easier to fix the boat than the person!

### The Start and the Finish

These are the two "fun" parts of a race on the RC boat. The shifting of boats by the skippers to get in the best position for the start can be very entertaining and informative. One can learn a great deal about what to do (and not do) at a start by watching those involved



and listening to the knowledgeable members of the RC discussing what is going on.

The "classic start" has the boats coming up to the start line on a close reach so that they will pass through the line on starboard tack. In fact, the racing rules regarding the start are based on such an approach. In reality, there are those leeward of the "lay line" to the start line who try to fit into the stream (this is barging) and there are those who are early to the line and either slow down or run the line in hopes of being in the right place at the start.

The start can get very exciting if a number of boats are involved. I had a drug agent as a crew member on one race who simply froze with a firm grip on a grab rail as we headed for the line with ten or twelve other boats in the 24'-28' range at our best boat speed. The potential for a collision was high and he was convinced one would occur. After a clean start (no one wants to damage their boat) and we were on our way to the weather mark, he commented that he had been on drug busts with less concern for his well-being. He did not go racing with me again.

Starts can also be very slow if there is little or no wind. We were the RC for the annual ABYC Vice-Commodore's Regatta one year when the wind died just before the start of the race. We put up the AP Flag (postponement) and waited. All the participants put out anchors and waited. The CB was full of questions about what to do next. The wind came back and the race was started about an half hour late. Having the wind die before the start is better in some ways than watching the racers head for the weather mark and then have the wind fail. We started one race only to have all the participants at anchor within 100 yards of the RC boat five minutes later.

The race is almost over and the boats are headed for the finish line. It is informative to watch a lead boat decrease its chance of winning by poor judgment at the finish line. Tacking or jibing a boat takes time and many skippers are reluctant to "waste" the time when close to the finish line. They will follow the course they were on and do a diagonal finish when a quick tack would put them over the line sooner.

On the other side, there are those who hold the course up to the RC boat and then tack to finish. If they mess up the tack the race boat can have a very close companion very quickly. As participants, we finished one race only to have the wind die and the outgoing tide carrying us toward the RC boat. Once our boat had finished, the only requirement was to clear the finish line/area. Out came the paddle.

Another light air day I finished a race by raising the centerboard and rudder as the boat slid over the RC boat's anchor line (the anchor line is not part of the boat) and putting the centerboard and rudder back down to maintain control and clear the finish area. One may see a number of innovative finishes depending on the wind and current directions and strength.

#### Back To The Dock

The race is over and it's time to take everyone back to shore. Well, not quite yet. It is the RC's responsibility to make sure that all the boats that started the race either finished, dropped out, or are accounted for (one local RC had a participant's boat sink while racing) before the RC boat can leave the course area. More than once we have stayed anchored

while checking on boats that did not inform the RC they were dropping out of the race. In some fleets, dropping out and not informing the RC is an automatic DSQ (disqualification) for that race. The RC boat skipper needs to make sure that everyone who came on board is accounted for, all the signal and scoring gear is packed up, and everyone is actually ready to start the engine, have the anchor retrieved, and head for shore (remember to retrieve the anti-barging mark).

All went well, it was a good time and may be worth considering doing again? I hope so, the work is minimal and the resulting effort is appreciated by the participants. And any complaints about the line, the course, or the like are the responsibility of the RC staff.

If you are interested in helping the local sailing fleet and want to learn more about the actual expectations of the RC boat, you might want to read Page 13 of an excellent publication from U.S. Sailing called *Join the Race Committee Team!* In fact, the booklet is full of information on the duties of all those involved in the RC work (in theory, there are eight people involved in running the race on the RC boat). You can order a copy (\$12 + shipping) from U.S. Sailing at their web site: [www.ussailing.org/racemgt/](http://www.ussailing.org/racemgt/)

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## Don't Do This

By Fred Schreyer

Agree with your wife that it would be a good idea to accompany her on a Saturday in September last year to the jazz festival at the Corning Preserve Riverfront Amphitheater in Albany, New York. Check the weather a few days before and see it's going to be really nice, sunny, and in the 70s. Decide to take the Starcraft 14' LW with old reliable 40 horse Johnson and anchor off the dock in the park, listen to the music, do some fishing, have a beer. Call some friends who laugh and say they will meet me at the amphitheater.

Hook the trailer to the truck, get bait, ice, food, and beer, load up the boat. Pull out around 10:30 for the 20-minute drive to the launch in the Preserve. Pleasantly observe no one else preparing to launch. Pull the boat onto the staging area, get out of the truck, disconnect the trailer lights, remove the tie down strap, remove the stabilizer spring and chain from the engine, but leave it in its upwardly cocked traveling position. Insert the drain plug. Lower the tailgate to ensure maximum visibility while backing. Carefully and skill-

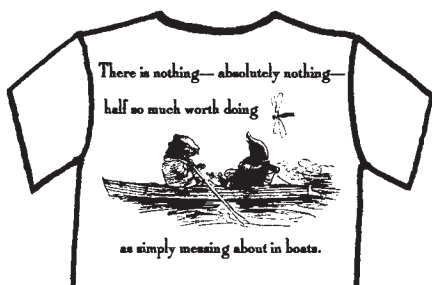
fully back the trailer down the concrete ramp until the transom is at optimal depth for launch, but drop the driver's side front wheel chock into position before critical depth is reached. Turn off the truck, put it in park, remember to not set the broken hand brake.

Get out of the truck, walk to the back, disconnect the bow strap and safety chain, push the boat off the trailer. Hold the bow line so it does not float away. Observe there is still no one else waiting to launch. Decide, as in similar past situations, to simply pull the bow a foot or so up onto the ramp next to the truck and leave it while parking the truck. Notice the breeze blowing up from the south, the sun, the light chop on the river.

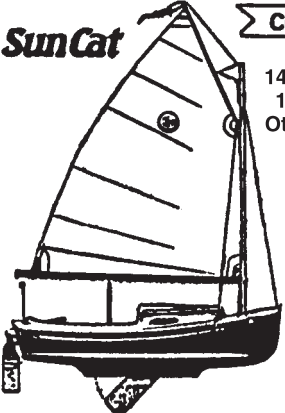
Think, "this is going to be a good day." Walk around the truck, get in, start it up, pick up the wheel chock removal rope. Put the truck in drive and slowly move forward. Fail to glance in the rear view mirror. Hear a crash and someone shout from the nearby walkway. Stop, put the truck in park, get out and walk back. Observe the stern of the boat, apparently blown by the wind, now positioned between the trailer and truck, venerable 40 horse Johnson on its side in the water, swivel clamp shattered. Curse.

## Do This

Disconnect the fuel line and the throttle and shift cables from the retro-fit tiller steered engine. Get the parrot nose pliers from the toolbox, clip the wiring harness. Stand the engine on its skag and wrestle it into the bed of the pickup. Decline assistance from bemused landlubbers. Close the tailgate, get in the truck, pull forward, thoughtfully remove the wheel chock by its rope as you go. Pull into the parking lot, consider the alternatives. Drive home, tell the wife who hadn't left yet what happened. Get the dinky electric trolling motor, return to the launch, install the trolling motor, put the boat in the water leaving bow on ramp as before but check the rear view mirror. Park the truck, battle the incoming tide until arriving near the dock by the amphitheater. Anchor up, bait up, put a line in the water. Open a beer and wait for the music to start. Meet the wife and friends, have a laugh at my expense, mourn the passing of a truly great engine.



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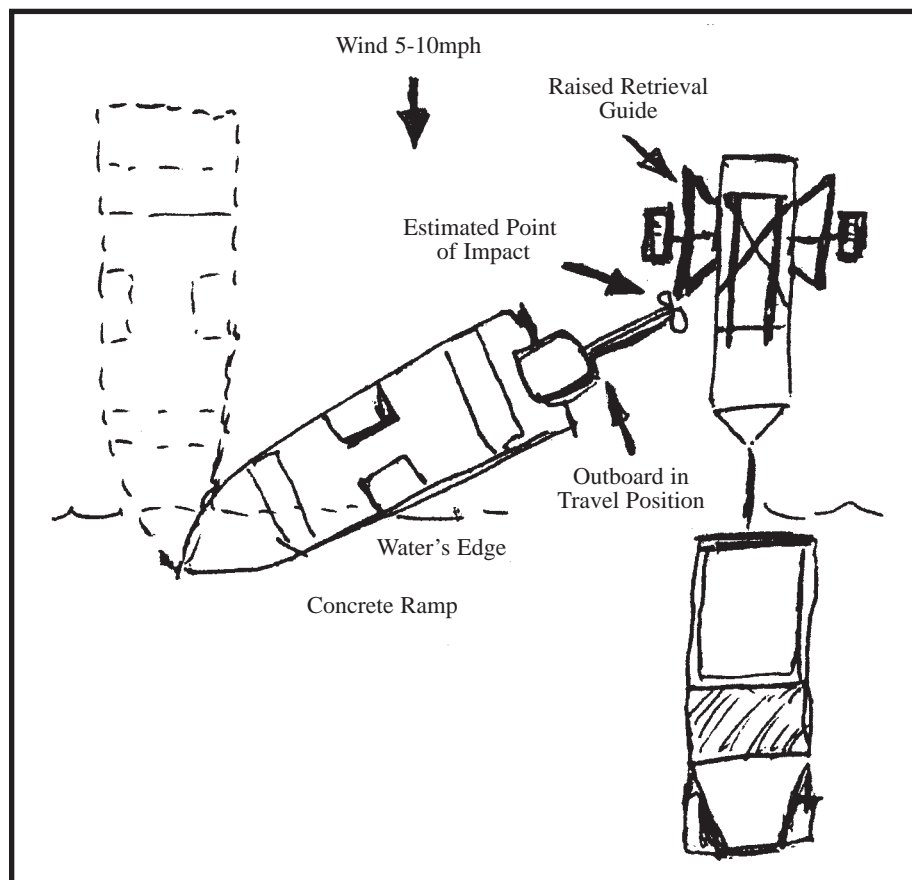


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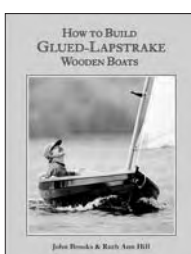
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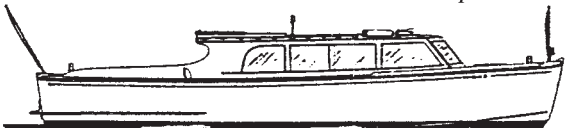


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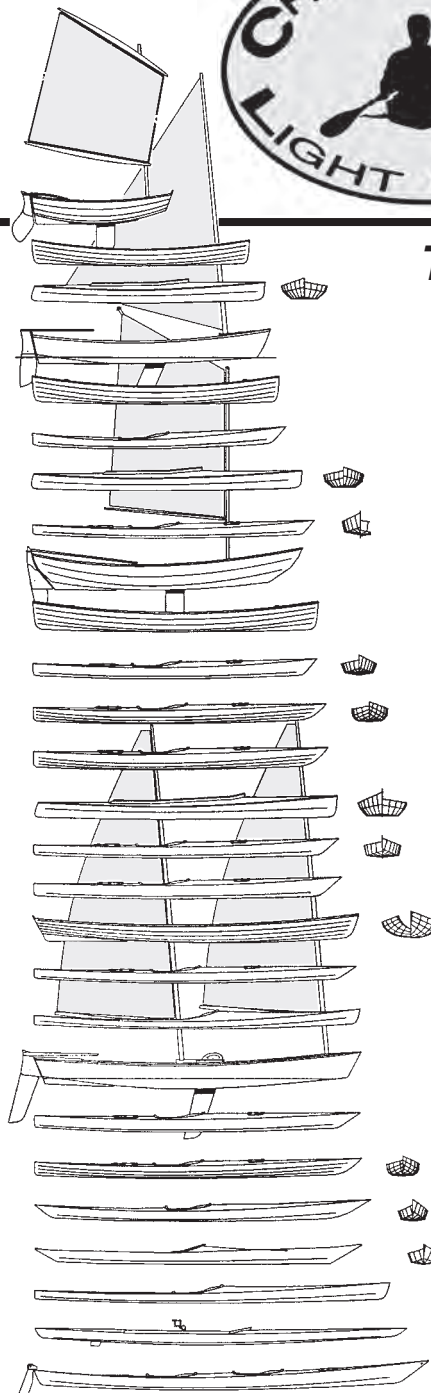
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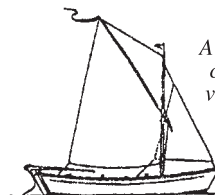


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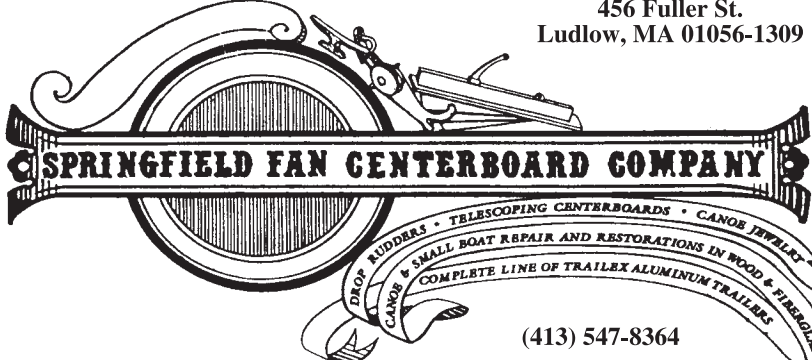
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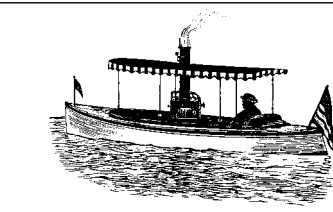
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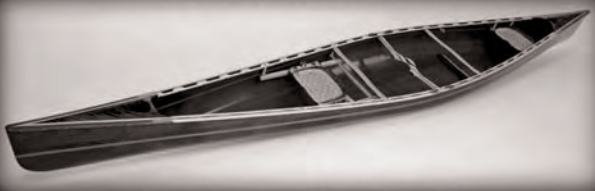
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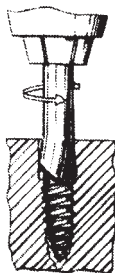
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CHARLES L. BAIMA, 14 Kelley Rd., Wilmington, MA 01887, (978) 658-3526, [c.baima@verizon.net](mailto:c.baima@verizon.net) (21)

**15'6" Wood Canvas Canoe**, white cedar ribs red cedar planking cherry decks & rails weighs 60lbs. I have built this canoe myself in 2006. Asking \$2,000.

DAVE EDGERLY, Derby, CT, (203) 735-2947, [edgect203@aol.com](mailto:edgect203@aol.com) (21)

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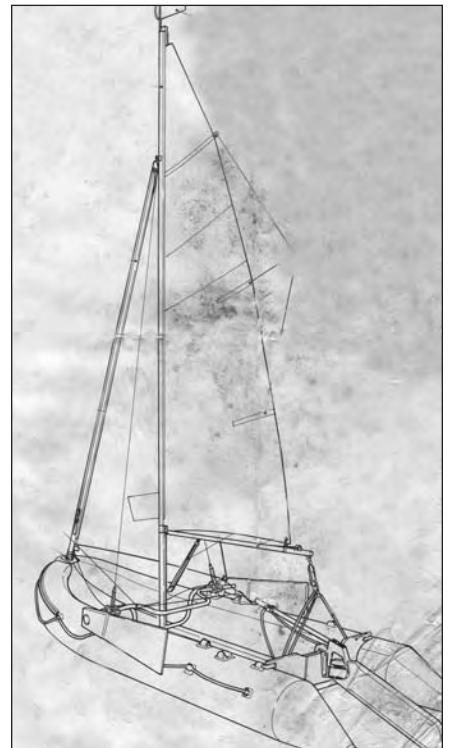
**Vacationer Sailboat**, 21' on deck. Stevenson Projects design, shallow draft. Marine ply & deck. FG all over except inside cabin. Meranti rails, cedar transom. Tiller steering. Douglas fir mast & boom, bowsprit. Gaff rigged, Dacron sails. Gd overnighter. Used 3 seasons, stored inside in winter. \$4,500.

KEN CONNORS, Wickford, RI, (401) 808-5883 (21)



**Cruising Whitehall**, 16'7"x3'0". Open Water Guideboat, 15'6"x3'6". Catboat Hull, 11'4"x5'0", modified Witholtz design. The cruising Whitehall & Open Water Guideboat are both computer designed for optimum long range rowing performance using Pro Surf & Kaper Velocity Prediction Programs. Both were professionally built of bi-directional aerospace glass & carbon fiber in '06 as 100% functional prototypes for the production hi-tech models built by API Boatbuilding in Daytona Beach, FL. Both are beautifully finished & ready to row. The '07 ultra lightweight production versions of these prototypes cost \$3,100 ea. The Cruising Whitehall (pictured) weighs 59lbs. \$2,400. The Open Water Guideboat weighs 64lbs. \$2,400. The Catboat Hull is professionally built w/C-Flex & weighs approx 175lbs. It nds minimal work to be water ready. \$800. JAY LUDVIGH, Deland, FL, (386) 734-7129 eves, 6-9pm EST (22)

## SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE



**Metzeler Inflatable Sail Rig**, all spars, leeboards and mount, rudder, ss standing rigging, 70sf sails. Top quality rig adaptable to your small sailboat project Little used since new in 1985. \$250. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 5-9pm best (TF)



**Beetle Cat**, '63 rebuilt/refinished in exc cond. \$4,800cash. LEON POTHIER, Wooden Boat Restorations, Westfield, MA, (413) 562-2216 (22)

**20' O'Day**, '78 vintage. Min & jib, pfds. No trlr. \$1,000. EMILY, Brick, NJ, (732) 222-7874 (22)



**Blackie**, 4 Atlantic crossings since '99. Just back from Africa, ready to go again. LOA 30', Draft 4'6", Volvo Diesel. Wood hull sheathed in epoxy/Dynel. Lanyards/deadeyes. 7 sails off the wind. \$15k/obo.  
JIM SUMMERLIN, Kingston, NY, (845) 383-1747, jimntrey@yahoo.com (22)

## GEAR FOR SALE



**Custom Nesting Dinghy Clamps**, 4 sets ss. Shown in *The Nature of Boats* by Dave Gerr, pg 83. \$125. obo. Also incl 2 9"x9" ss frames for view ports for dinghy bottom.  
DAVID VIRTUE, 54 Chauncy Creek Rd., Kittery Point, ME. (21)

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THE DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 8372, Silver Spring, MD 20907, Toll free (877) 637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)



**9" Ash Woods Cleats**, matched pair varnished w/stainless steel hardware. \$25 delivered.  
WINTERS BROTHERS, 4555 II Rd., Garden, MI 49835 (21EOI)



**Forward Facing Rowing**, with a sliding seat in your canoe.  
EZ-ROW INC., P.O. Box 275, Taylors Falls, MN 55084-0275, (651) 465-6608, www.ez-row.com (907P)

**Outboard Gear**: Bosun remote control w/cables, used, \$20. 4 SS 10" windshield opening brackets (for flat glass windshields), used \$10 set. 1 Airguide 2 1/2" marine compass, gimbal mounted, \$5. All prices firm plus shipping.  
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm (TF)



**New! The Poop Deck Crew T-Shirt**, profits from the sale of this T-Shirt support the SAFE HAVEN Project & Newfoundland Dog Rescue in the US & Canada. Show your support for these gentle giants when you wear your Poop Deck Shirt featuring a Newf Dog and his canine mates including a German Shepherd, Springer Spaniel, English Bulldog, Poodle, Golden Retriever—even a Chihuahua! 100% heavyweight US made blue cotton Tee. Large imprint on front. Sizes M-XL \$17, XXL \$19. S&H \$4.75 on all orders. Send MO or Check.  
A. BRIDGE, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA, Tel (207) 442-7237 Email <norsman@care2.com>, Web www.norsgear.com (TFP)

**'92 Nissan 9.9**, extra long shaft, electric start, remote controls, charging system. Mostly used in fresh water. Runs well, ideal for sailboat. \$400. Old Bronze Portlights, call or email for list.  
DAVE LAUX, Georgetown, DE, (302) 875-2917, laux@ce.net (21)

**Kayak Gear**: O'Neil Farmer John Wetsuit, hardly used, fits 6', 165lb, w/full jacket, 2pr gloves, 2pr booties, additional used vest. \$50. 1 Wetsuit mtl cockpit skirt \$5. 3 strap-in backrests \$5. 1 Seair inflatable seat (w/backrest), used \$5. 1 Chipmunk deck mount diaphragm pump \$20. 4 Yakima roof rack locking raftergutter clamping mounts \$20 set. Budget brand (?) roof rack cradles (4) and gunwale brackets (4) \$10. All prices firm plus shipping.  
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm (TF)

**Matsushita Blades**, we are offering the 36 tooth, 7 1/2" Matsushita Combination Blade, a very thin kerf blade that runs free & puts little load on the saw, producing a very smooth cut w/minimal waste. Priced at 1 for \$25 or 2 for \$46 w/free shipping. Send check or money order.  
BROTHERS' BOATWORKS, LLC, 26980 Lake Dr., Lawton, MI 49065 (TF)

**VolvoPenta MD 1 Diesel Engine**, in 'like new' cond, less than 50 hours & in perfect running cond. Incl all gear & parts necessary for installation. \$1,500.  
ROB KREIT, henryismycat@yahoo.com (21)

## GEAR WANTED

**3-Bladed Prop**, LH 16-1/2"x12"x1" bore for my '72 Albin motor sailer. Also Want: Oars, paddles, wooden boat hooks, small masts & spars. Cond & odd pieces acceptable. Also used life rings.  
TONY GAMBALE, 169 Condor St., E. Boston, MA 02128-1303, (617) 569-3462 (21)

## BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

**Robb White & Sons Sport Boat**, handy, pretty, proven 16' x 43" strip planked skiff. Will plane with 2 adults with 4hp. Full sized mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75. SASE for photos & specs.  
ROBB WHITE & SONS, Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799 (TFP)

**BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN.COM**: Customer photos, FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00.  
GLEN-L, Box 1804MA, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)



**Dory Plans**, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.  
DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

## WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT



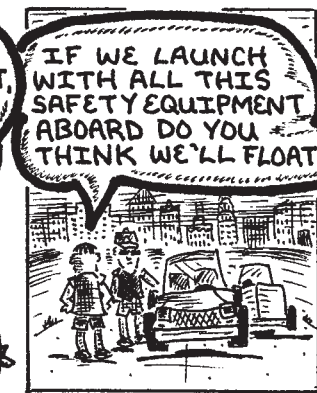
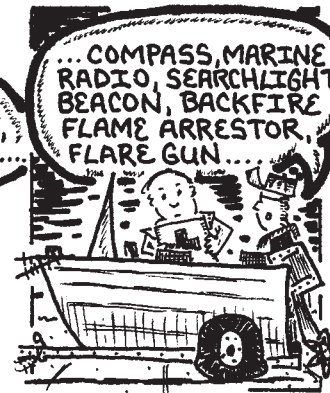
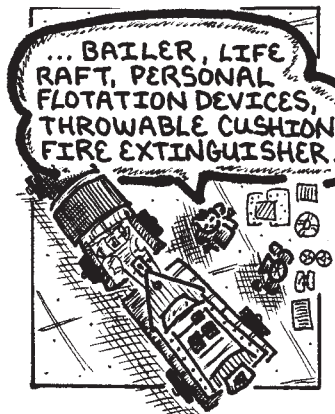
**Vacation Rental Waterfront**, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slips up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk.  
LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486 (TF)





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Mar 9-11 Canoeconia, Madison, WI  
 Mar 16-8 Maine Boatbuilder's Show, Portland, ME  
 Mar 22-25 Antique & Classic Boat Show, Mount Dora FL \*  
 Mar 30-Apr 1 Savannah Boat Show\*  
 Mar 31-Apr 1 Rustic Show, Danbury, CT  
 Apr 12-15 Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival, Cortez, FL \*  
 Apr 26-29 Kent Island Boat Show, Kent Island, MD \*  
 May 4-6 WNPR Craftshow, Farmington, CT  
 May 26-28 Woodstock Craftshow, New Paltz, NY \*  
 June 16-17 Clearwater Festival, Croton Point, NY \*  
 June 23-4 Crafts at Rhinebeck, Rhinebeck, NY  
 July 6-8 Berkshire Crafts Festival, Great Barrington, MA \*  
 July 14-15 Lake Champlain Maritime Festival, Vergennes, VT \*  
 July 20-22 Hammondsport, NY, Antique and Classic Festival \*  
 July 27-29 Finger Lakes Boat Show, Skaneateles, NY \*  
 Aug 3-5 Champlain Valley Folk Festival, Kingsland Bay, VT \*  
 Aug 3-5 Antique & Classic Boat Show, Clayton, NY \*  
 Aug 10-12 Maine Boats & Harbors, Rockland, ME \*  
 Sep 7-9 Port Townsend Boat Festival, Port Townsend, WA \*  
 Oct 4-8 United States Sail Boat Show, Annapolis, MD

\* Indicates on-water demos

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